The Nation.

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The Week.

"I'm not going to make a speech," said Senator Tillman, when the Panama treaty was before the Senate. "I'm just going to throw rocks at it as it goes by." That is a pretty good definition of his regular method. His fellow-Senators would not allow him to make a set oration, even if he wanted to; but on Friday his supply of "rocks" was sufficient to keep him on the floor, with interruptions, for four hours. Tillman's function in the Senate is as unique as it is important. He is the appointed sayer of disagreeable things. His gift of stinging sarcasm, and his very manner of delivery, fit him for this work. The Senate is hardly itself, in fact, except when Tillman and Spooner are exchanging courtesies, as they did on the above occasion. The Republican members would probably have it understood that they burn with indignation and horror when Tillman is running amuck, but we fear it is only "constructive" indignation. How many times, we wonder, has the uncouth South Carolinian blurted out on the floor the very things that his Republican colleagues in good and regular standing were muttering in the cloakrooms? There have been few more valuable contributions to the debate about the Canal Commission than Tillman's uncovering of the fact that Mr. Shonts has continued to hold his railroad presidency after entering the employ of the Government.

In finally voting him two-thirds of the money he had certified to be absolutely necessary for his Panama expenditures, the Senate has given Mr. Roosevelt a pointed rebuke. Very much in the tone of a father paying the debts of a spendthrift son, it has insisted that the squaring of old accounts must mean better methods in the future. Hereafter, the President is to be allowed no fine derangement of a lump appropriation according to his own taste and fancy and the importunities of friends, but must submit to Congress a detailed estimate of salaries. It is to be hoped that he has had his sufficient lesson. As to the personal aspect of that part of the scandal which has excited most comment, Senator Hale's statement, in behalf of the Administration, that the useless "place" of "press agent" at $10,000 a year would be abolished, is open confession that the President had wastefully created a sinecure.

President Roosevelt quite misses the point, in contending that the decision of Judge Phillips, finding Mr. Paul Morton guiltless as to a certain Atchison rebate, fully "vindicates" that gentleman, and also justifies the President in having refused to follow the advice of Messrs. Harmon and Judson last June. Those lawyers asked that Mr. Morton be summoned in contempt proceedings. It was, they pointed out, a process "not unusual or exceptional," but simply in pursuance of "a well-established rule." It was a "demand for an explanation," they remarked, "not an accusation." But the President refused to permit a member of his Cabinet, and his personal friend, to be subjected to this regular process of the court, though there is no doubt that, if it had been demanded for John Jones of Jonesville, Ohio, he would have acceded to it without a murmur. He would not, however, "throw Paul Morton to the wolves," as he expressed it. In that particular affair, therefore, it was not Morton but the President who was in need of "vindication." He had, with a great flourish, appointed two Democrats to conduct that inquiry into rebates, but the moment they struck close home, he declined to allow them to proceed. Naturally, they resigned; and that favorite little device of Mr. Roosevelt's—the employment of eminent Democrats to pull him out of a hole—will probably not soon be attempted again.

Despite assurances that the *new* Dominican treaty was absolutely perfect in form, change after change has had to be made in it. The treaty hastily patched up by our naval officers and proclaimed in Santo Domingo without the formality of submitting it to the Senate, seems to have been scarcely a looser document than the one which Mr. Lodge is trying to pilot through to ratification. The latest demands for alterations come from the Dominican Government itself. It would appear that President Morales is less certain of his dictatorial power than he was, and is being forced to make concessions to some of his rivals. It is they who insist that the benevolent intervention of the United States shall be, not at the whim of the President of either country, but solely upon the request of the Dominican Congress. Thus the whole project becomes the more dubious the more it is studied. It proves to be, like so many of the President's happy thoughts, hard to reduce to terms of law.

The Interstate Commerce Commission now confesses, in its annual report, that it was too positive, in 1903, along with the President, in thinking that the Elkins anti-rebate law had ushered in the millennium. In its report two years ago, as also a year ago, very "favorable comments" were made upon that anti-rebate statute; but it appears that "further experience" has convinced the Commissioners that they were far too "hopeful." That is an old story. Further experience has a way of letting the sawdust out of legislative panaceas. Even Mr. Roosevelt seems to fear that the same course will be run with his latest plan for rate-regulation. He sings much lower about it in his message, and is reported again by Washington dispatches to be more than ready to accept any compromise which will save his consistency. Meanwhile, the dilatory Senate and the do-nothing House act as if experimenting with the President's patience. The report which the Senate committee was to make within ten days of the opening of the session proved to be only a verbal one of little progress among thickening difficulties; and it is now certain that nothing will be done, or even proposed, until after the holidays. Of course, the fact that legislative remedies are necessarily slow and uncertain is no argument against applying them when justice demands it. If the Elkins anti-rebate law is too cumbrous and ineffective, it should by all means be made more direct and drastic. The railroads themselves say they want that. So do all honest shippers. On that subject the President and Congress might well first concentrate their energies, leaving more doubtful projects to be taken up later.

Of the bill for reorganizing our consular service, which Secretary Root advocated before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, reformers can find little but good to say. It is a measure at once sweeping and judicious. If adopted, it would put an end to many of the scandals which have made Americans blush for our consular system. It would also, we believe, heighten the efficiency as well as the purity of the service. The bill proposes a classification of all consulates. The seven classes are graded, each with a fixed salary, the pernicious fee system being abolished. Also, the statutory provisions that a consul shall not engage in private business are made more stringent. Finally, the whole service is to be put in the way of becoming, what it really never has been in this country, a career. Appointments to the lowest grade are to be made only after competitive examination, and the higher offices are to be reached by promotion for merit. All told, the bill which the Department of State is so strongly urging is a very thoroughgoing piece of much-needed reform. It seems almost too much to hope that Secretary Root can persuade

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Congress to adopt it in its entirety; yet we know what he was able to do when in the War Department, in the way of obtaining useful legislation, despite strong and interested opposition.

French example has long been adduced by our ship-subsidy advocates. It is put forward in the report of the subsidy committee accompanying their bill. France pays large sums to stimulate her merchant marine; therefore so should we. Such is the argument. But it is badly damaged by the facts. In spite of lavish subsidies, French shipping has not prospered; and, in the Chamber, confession was openly made the other day that the whole system had been a failure. The official reporter of the budget, M. Pierre Baudin, admitted that the régime of ship-subsidies, especially under the law of 1902, had been of doubtful advantage even to ship-builders, and had worked only harm to commerce. And now even the ship-yards are crying for heavier subventions. It appears that, trusting to bounties, they have fallen behind their foreign competitors in machinery, in methods, and in intelligence generally; hence the appeal to the Government to make up their deficiencies by money payments. That is the usual course of artificial fostering of industries; and the precedent of France, which our confident subsidy-hunters allege, is really one which makes strongly against them.

The particular activity of the Post-Office Department which has most rapidly increased in the last few years, has been, not rural free delivery, nor the handling of franked matter, but the issuance of fraud orders. There were 131 in 1903, 167 in 1904, and 357 in 1905, an output nearly trebled in three years. As the Postmaster-General says in his report, "this does not mean that there has been a corresponding increase in the number of lotteries and fraudulent schemes operated through the mails, for there has been a marked falling off in such enterprises during the last few years. It is due to the increased vigilance of the Post-Office Department and the broader application and more strict enforcement of the statues." About the "broader application" there can be no question. It has been contended by a good many that the denial of the mails to quasi-fraudulent schemes not involving the lottery element or indecency is unwarranted. Yet there have been in practice extremely few cases in which abuse of this discretion by Post-Office inspectors has been charged. The scandals in this branch have all been in connection with orders held back, not with those issued. The fraud order doubtless carries a power easily susceptible of abuse, yet it has proved a most effective means of suppressing whole classes of schemes which are just on the edge of outright criminality, and yet are certainly not conducted in good faith. Their promoters, as a rule, do not fight when their mails are held, but move on to new ventures under other names. Thus about a fourth of the orders issued last year were merely supplementary to those previously in force.

Now, it is the Illinois Manufacturers' Association that is contemplating an assault upon our sacred tariff. Some 132 manufacturing concerns have been obliged, "chiefly on account of tariff restrictions," to establish in Canada branch plants that otherwise would have been set up in the United States. Since many of these companies have headquarters in Chicago, it is estimated that the losses suffered by that city mount up to tens of millions. Naturally enough, the Illinois manufacturers are dissatisfied with the outlook, but it passes our comprehension that these misguided men should dream of appealing to Congress for some sort of reciprocal trade arrangement with Canada. If they were true and loyal Republicans, they would know that President Roosevelt's message settled the question. From that the Illinois manufacturers should have learned that tariff changes cannot be made "on lines beneficial to, or desired by, one section or one State"; also, that there is a distinction between what the President calls "needs" and what he terms "desires." Just what the difference is, we do not feel quite certain; but all the evidence points to the conclusion that a "need" is a "desire" accompanied by votes, while a "desire" is just a plain, unattended desire. Massachusetts, for instance, so long as she continues to return Republican representatives to Congress, may have a "desire" for free hides, but will not really "need" them; the wool-growers of Ohio, however, since they are believed to have the votes, have a genuine "need" for heavy duties upon wool.

Two facts are especially noteworthy in connection with the *Evening Post's* postal canvass on the retention of Platt and Depew, the results of which that paper began printing on Saturday. First is the large proportion of Republicans, chosen from an absolutely non-partisan list, who have thus put themselves on record against their party's representatives in the United States Senate; and, second, the concrete evidence of the change of feeling which has followed the insurance revelations. It may be true, as some of the correspondents point out, that nothing is now known about our two Senators which was not an open secret before; but at least we have found intelligent citizens of the State who did not so consider. Over and over are phrases encountered in these replies which indicate that the writers had formerly been comparatively little concerned about the State's representation in the upper house. Now the turn of feeling has made Depew the special object of indignation. Several men who still think Platt good enough, are bitter against his colleague. Though the *Evening Post* has several times undertaken similar tests of public opinion, it has, it declares, never had so prompt and general a response, nor such strong expressions of feeling as in the present one.

Gov. Higgins's announcement that he has a candidate for the Speakership of the Assembly in the person of James W. Wadsworth, jr., is fresh proof of the trepidation of the Republican party over the plight to which it has been brought. Even so timorous a man as the Governor has been forced to come out into the open against Odellism. As such his action is extremely significant. And there are other reasons why it should arrest public attention. Plainly, the Governor has spoken in response to pressure from Washington. The shrewd politician in the White House has been quick to see that no time must be lost in getting the present helmsman of the party in this State away from the wheel, and in throwing him overboard. Mr. Odell has run the ship on the rocks. If there is any salving to be done, it must be before the rising wind and tide of popular indignation have damaged the craft beyond repair.

The Bar Association, having been criticised by District Attorney Jerome because of its seeming indifference to the disgrace of our methods of electing judges, decided last week that it could neither approve Jerome's charges nor dignify them by calling upon him for the facts upon which he based his strictures. It voted, instead, to take a very conservative course, and directed its Committee on Judicial Nominations to report how the Association can "make more effective its influence in the matter of judicial nominations in this judicial district." There are obviously several ways in which this can be done, and they must have been in the mind of every lawyer present. The truth is, however, that too many members of the bar are affected by the same political and financial influences which impair the usefulness of some judges, to undertake the rôle of guardians of the judicial ermine which Jerome would have them assume. Fortunately, there are some, like Austen G. Fox, to insist that the Bar do its duty in this matter, and prevent that prostitution of the judiciary to the bosses which was so clearly demonstrated by the Mazet inquiry. Against the payment of money to campaign committees by judicial candi-

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dates, the Bar Association happily took strong ground.

Mayor McClellan will undoubtedly receive his certificate of election, and be sworn in on January 1, as a consequence of the decision of the Court of Appeals on December 13. That is now the law. Whether it ought to be, is a question sharply raised by the dissenting judges, and a matter promptly and carefully to be considered by the Legislature. We presume that most citizens favor a thorough revision of our cumbrous and dubious election and ballot laws. But that is neither here nor there, so far as concerns the effect of the decision of our highest court. That establishes the law as it is, and no man may justly allege a grievance if the courts have been freely open to him and his rights under the law fully secured. Besides, as the court pointed out, Hearst has a complete if delayed remedy in *quo warranto* proceedings. In a trial of that kind, his counsel could doubtless procure the opening of ballot-boxes and a recount of the votes. For our part, we hope they will pursue the matter to the end, and cause all the facts to be established in detail. But if they do not, let it be set down in advance, any charge of fraud that they make is without legal proof. Their preliminary contention that an inspection of the void and protested ballots would alone show frauds enough to elect Hearst, has been signally disproved. Their claims about the ballots actually in the boxes may or may not be sustained if the courts finally decide to order them opened; but, till the thing is tried out, it is for them, as for all good citizens, to submit to the law, and bring no railing accusation of injustice.

Quite the most important pledge given by Mr. Morton to Equitable policyholders, in his letter published on Monday, is his assurance that the new administration will no longer strive to create the "biggest company in the world." It will not, he promises, seek to obtain new business at the expense of existing policyholders, and if its efforts to get business in any section of the world are shown to be unprofitable, that field will be abandoned. This is a programme whose scope, if the promise is faithfully carried out, is likely to be larger than most readers would imagine. When it is considered that the patronage of the man who really wishes to have his life insured may be obtained at a trifling cost, the ratio of last year's expenses to total premium income in the three great life companies, ranging as it did from 23.73 to 24.65 per cent., proves clearly that such a patron is not being fairly dealt with. Mr. Morton's statement is important as showing that the new managements realize on what points the future protest of policyholders is likely to converge.

Mr. Fitzgerald's election to the Mayoralty of Boston was insured by the independent candidacy of ex-Judge Dewey. If that candidate had stood for a principle, the result would not be so mortifying. Having been defeated in the primaries, he called himself an "anti-machine candidate," and actually succeeded in inducing 11,637 Republicans and Democrats to vote for him. Had these men stood by Frothingham, the regular Republican candidate, the city would now have a Mayor-elect worthy of its traditions. But it has instead chosen a man who will tighten the grip of the Irish Democrats upon the party machine, and the net result of whose administration will be to make Boston more of a boss-ridden city than before. The late Mayor Collins, whose high character and aims were recognized by Republicans and Democrats alike, was quoted during the campaign as having said that Fitzgerald would not fitly represent the Irish Catholics, the Democrats, or the city, if chosen Mayor. Hence the outlook is not pleasant. Mr. Frothingham made a manly, uphill fight, which won to his support many independent voters. One gratifying result was the election of an excellent School Board of five members, all of whom were endorsed by the friends of the schools. In the increase of the Republican members of the Board of Aldermen and Common Council there is additional proof that many voters split their ballots.

The United Mine Workers, in session at Shamokin, have been preparing to demand from the anthracite operators three concessions: an eight-hour day, 10 per cent. increase in wages, and recognition of the union. The first two demands are certainly debatable. Conceivably, there are cogent reasons why the operators should grant an eight-hour day and more pay, though on this point no wise man will reach a decision till he has heard both sides. But to recognize the union would be to surrender the principle of the open shop. The Anthracite Coal Strike Commission, which patched up the present truce between operators and miners, was absolutely explicit in its recommendation:

> "That no person shall be refused employment, or in any way discriminated against, on account of membership or non-membership in any labor organization; and that there shall be no discrimination against, or interference with, any employee who is not a member of any labor organization by members of such organization."

This recommendation has been accepted by both sides as binding until the first of next April, when the question is again up for settlement. In declaring for the open shop, the Commission was moved not so much by the immediate situation in the coal-mining industry as by the fundamental theory of a democracy. If any man, miner or operator, is to enjoy the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, he must be free to work for such wages and under such conditions as his judgment approves; to take the job or leave it, by his own choice, not under the coercion of a union which threatens all dissenters with violence or death. For the operators to yield on this contention would be a capital blunder—or worse.

The Germans of Livonia, Courland, and Esthonia, the present scene of the fiercest disorder, however opposed to the reactionary measures adopted in the Baltic provinces, will not make common cause with the Lithuanians in their effort to revive the ancient realm which passed to Russia with the dismemberment of Poland. The region still commonly designated Lithuania is embraced in the governments of Kovno, Vilna, Grodno, Vitebsk, Minsk, and Mohilev, and includes also one of the provinces of Russian Poland. Lettish peasants and workmen of the Baltic provinces have, it is true, been particularly susceptible to anarchistic influences, but their fury is turned equally against conservative German landowners in the country districts and Socialist German labor leaders in the cities. That the Lettish rising has been carefully planned is evident from a recent letter in the *Hannoverscher Courier* which describes the efforts made at a revolutionary meeting at Riga to force even female servants to join the strikers. The Letts number about 2,000,000 people, and their propaganda includes the publication of war-songs and inflammatory appeals. The singing of the "Marseillaise" in Lettish is a regular feature of the revolutionary programme. Their present ferocious assaults on German landowners recall the worst days of the Terror.

Amid all the turmoil in Russia a hopeful feature is the steadying influence of the Zemstvo Congress, which continues its sittings in St. Petersburg. Its last sessions in Moscow were marked by a spirit of liberalism and moderation expressed in the practically unanimous resolutions in favor of Polish autonomy, of a humane policy towards the Jews, and of full political amnesty, from which, however, the perpetrators of the recent atrocities were to be excluded. The transfer of the congress to the Russian capital is an aid to Count Witte, as it brings him in direct contact with the leaders of the only political body which speaks for the intelligent classes of the people. M. Ivan Petrunkevitch, the most influential member of the Zemstvo Congress, exercises a growing authority, to which Witte himself has repeatedly deferred.

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HARRIMAN AND ODELL.

Who was E. H. Harriman that he should threaten T. F. Ryan with "legislative action"? He held no office. He was not, so far as known, a member of any political committee. What, then, was that "political influence" with which he menaced Ryan, in order to frighten him into surrendering half the stock of the Equitable? No names were mentioned in Ryan's testimony; none was uttered directly by Mr. Hughes in any of his questions; yet everybody knows who was meant. It was perfectly understood by all concerned—understood at the time by Messrs. Ryan, Root, and Cravath, understood at the inquest by witness, counsel, committee, and spectators—that Mr. Harriman claimed to have such power over the party boss, Benjamin Odell, that he could, through that agent, get anything he wanted out of the New York Legislature. Hence his threat to Ryan.

Had he not, six months previously, got a United States Senator out of the Legislature? Odell's final consent to Depew's election was extorted from him by Harriman. At least, that was openly asserted and not denied. On December 31, 1904, Senator Brackett made a public statement that Odell had given as the only reason for deserting Black and going over to Depew that "it would break one of the dearest friendships of his lifetime should he persist in his support of Gov. Black." That was the excuse he gave to six of Black's protesting friends. To show that they knew the secret of that "dearest friendship," they objected that "when the bargain was struck by which he was made the chairman, and by which Gov. Black was to become the Senator, it was not made conditional upon approval by Mr. E. H. Harriman." But that gentleman and what Depew called "optimism" carried the day; Odell threw over Black, and Depew smiled—for a time.

There was every reason, therefore, to suppose that Harriman's threats were based upon his hold on Odell. Now let us see where Odell was, and what he was doing, at the time when Harriman was assuming power to do with the Legislature what he liked. Mr. Ryan testifies that he bought the Hyde stock on Friday, June 9. The angry interviews with Mr. Harriman were on following days down to Tuesday. During that period, therefore, there were, as the *Sun* remarked at the time, "subterranean efforts to thwart" Ryan. Now Odell returned from Europe on Saturday, June 10—just in the nick of time. On Sunday he went to Newburgh. At that place, on Monday, the *Tribune* reported the State Superintendent of Insurance, Mr. Hendricks, "in consultation with ex-Gov. Odell." On Tuesday, the latter came to his headquarters in this city, where he saw "many visitors." Among them was Senator Depew—a fit errand-boy for Harriman—who talked with Odell "nearly an hour." Later on, Odell parried questions put to him by the reporters, and said he "didn't know whether anything other than the Hooker matter would be taken up at the extra session of the Legislature." So here we have a violent suspicion that Harriman was pulling the Odell wires in those critical days. We know, as a fact, that Odell came out openly later to demand an investigation by the Legislature, although Gov. Higgins was against it. Was not this Harriman's "political influence" visibly at work?"

Some good lawyers have argued that the questions put to Ryan were not "material and proper," and that he should not have been compelled to answer them. Perhaps not, if it were a legal issue joined in court; but in a proceeding under the subpœna of a committee of the Legislature, with broad powers to inquire into all the ramifications of the insurance business, we do not see how there can be two minds about the propriety and relevancy of the questions. One of the chief subjects of investigation was the corrupt alliance between insurance magnates and politicians. To bring out the truth about Harriman's threats was just as material as to elicit the facts about illegal campaign contributions to elect Roosevelt, to probe the payments made by the companies to "Judge" Hamilton and other lobbyists, and to expose the whole set of political leeches fastened upon the insurance treasuries. Harriman's claim that he could checkmate Ryan, or ruin the property which the latter was buying, by using at pleasure the Legislature of the State of New York, was simply part and parcel of the whole nefarious system of secret compact and unlawful undertaking which it was the committee's business to expose. Ryan's testimony on this point was of the last public importance. It shows us to what a pitch of effrontery and recklessness the corrupt alliance between high finance and low politics had reached.

The political bearing of Harriman's statements on the stand fills all minds. Even at Washington it is dominating. Republicans are said to have gone to the President and told him plainly that it is now a question of life or death for the party in New York; being no longer the scandal of Platt's control or Depew's lobbying for corporations or Odell's tyrannical bossing, but of the subjection of the Republican party to Harriman and the interests which he represents. Mr. Harriman himself, with the most splendid naïveté, assumed to be the monarch of all he surveyed. He appeal to Odell for that politician's support? Really, the inquiry was a little too much to make of the owner of 16,000 miles of railway. He would have the committee know that whatever political influence Odell possessed was due to Harriman. The contrary supposition was almost insulting; and the witness proceeded to inform the committee that, when he wanted things done at Albany, he was in the habit of giving his orders direct to the Governor and Speaker. No useless go-between was employed, such as a Senator or Assemblyman whose constituent Harriman happened to be; he dealt with Higgins and Nixon at first hand. And when the chairman of the committee anxiously endeavored to make it appear that this was only the ordinary appeal of bothersome constituents, by which all members of the Legislature are afflicted, Harriman proudly said that he must not be ranked with that common herd. It must not be supposed that he was running or telephoning to Albany about every trifle. He did not move unless he had some big thing of his own on hand, and then he moved straight upon headquarters.

The effect of Mr. Harriman's calm revelation of the true hiding of Republican power in this State, during recent years, will be either a party revolution or an unexampled party disaster. Things cannot go on like this. The Government of New York cannot be run by telephone from the Stock Exchange. We have had Platt's confessions of where he got his bribe-money. Odell's shame is completed by Harriman's cool announcement that the ex-Governor is simply a "kept" politician. An end must be put to these leaders and their methods, or the voters will put an end to the party that endures them.

"MYSTERIOUS INSTRUMENTS."

One of those "mysterious instruments of Providence," of which good people have been telling us, is just now appearing less mysterious, and much less of a divine instrument, than for a long time past. We refer to Thomas Lawson. For nearly four months he has been conducting a huge gambling pool in a stock speculation. Into it he publicly invited his "friends" to go. He did so on the strength of the most positive "statement of fact," not "surmise" or "manipulation"; and resorted to all know what shameless and deceptive means to induce credulous investors to give him their money, and also to compass his ends on the stock market. The net result was his announcement of December 14 that the subscribers to his pool had lost 36 per cent., or $3,600,000.

Whether Lawson himself lost proportionately, no one knows. Apparently, powerful interests have been "gunning" for him, but he is quite capable of joining the hunting party himself, and leaving his "friends" to stop all the shot. After what is known of him, any man who would trust his word or his honor would be a fool. To place your money in the hands of a confessed stock gam-

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bler is simply to invite betrayal. What the precise facts are in this case, we do not know, and it does not matter. Lawson has been terribly hurt in prestige, whether he has been hit in pocket or not. But a few weeks since, men spoke of him in awed tones as a man of almost prophetic powers. "Well, he was right about the insurance business, he told the truth about Rogers, and he knows what he is talking about when he says there is going to be a fearful crash in Amalgamated and a panic in the market." That humbug is, at any rate, thoroughly pricked. The heavy facts have crushed the blown pretence.

About Lawson's financial legerdemain, however, we care little. What does interest us is the bearing which this latest disclosure of his moral character has upon the notion recently current that he had been providentially raised up to lead Americans out of the evils of which they have been so acutely conscious. Many a saintly person has propounded the theory. "Perhaps his life has not been all that we could wish, but God often employs strange instruments, and Lawson has certainly been the one to show this country whither it is drifting and how to escape the peril threatening it." In this respect Lawson was regarded something in the light of Hearst. The more unlikely and even incredible a vehicle of reform he might seem, from his known life and methods, the more disposed were certain people to regard him as a messenger of Heaven. So bad a man, allowed to become so conspicuous, must indicate a divine plan. It was the old triumph of faith over again—*credo quia impossibile.*

Now a little reflection, a little discrimination and a slight knowledge of human nature are all that we need to see this matter aright. It is undoubtedly true that dark things have important moral uses in this world. Knowledge may come to us from the confessions of dishonest men, just as justice may be furthered by a criminal turning State's evidence. That, however, does not make the dishonest man honest, or the criminal a worthy member of society. It is not necessary to dispute the claim that Lawson had much to do with preparing the public mind for the insurance explosion. Doubtless his trumpeting abroad of nefarious financial activities, which he knew about from having shared in them, predisposed people to believe that all he said was true because a part of it proved to be. Similarly, we may concede that the cries and contortions of Hearst may have had a good effect in rousing dormant attention. But to admit that, is simply to admit that the wrath of man may be made to praise the Creator. An explosion of foul gases may clear the air, but the gases were foul all the time.

Our sole point is that we must differentiate the evil and untrustworthy man as informer, as betrayer, as clamorer, from the evil and untrustworthy man as reformer. In the former capacity he may enlighten the public; in the latter, it is preposterous to suppose that he can lead it. Heaven moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform, but it never provokes human beings to despair and even atheism by confounding good with evil, vice with virtue. From corrupt and selfish men we may get useful information, but we never can get wise or safe leadership. To quote that master of political philosophy whom, now that he has been cited in a Presidential message, even an editor may feel emboldened to adduce: "When men," says Burke, "whom we *know* to be wicked impose upon us, we are something worse than dupes. When we know them, their fair pretences become new motives for distrust." And it is his further dictum: "There is no safety for honest men but by believing all possible evil of evil men, and by acting with promptitude, decision, and steadiness on that belief."

FEDERAL CONTROL OF INSURANCE.

Senator Dryden's testimony before the insurance inquiry relative to Federal control of insurance, fell in with reports from Washington that efforts would be made to try the experiment in a purely tentative way. Himself the author of a measure pending in Congress he recited, as arguments for Federal supervision, first, protection of the foreign business of American insurance companies; second, protection of the people against fraudulent insurance companies; third, the unifying of the code of insurance law, which now varies widely in the different States, and places very divergent restrictions on insurance methods. Mr. Dryden did not lay stress upon the argument lately developed by Mr. James M. Beck on this question, that Federal supervision would be preferable because of the saving in fees and taxes as compared with what is involved in the system of State supervision. Nor did he touch on another familiar argument in its favor, based on the presumption that Congress, in its dealing with insurance questions, will be less subject to corrupting influences than the State legislatures, and that Federal supervisors would similarly fall less under the influence of insurance officers striving to evade the law than State Commissioners notoriously have done at times.

President Roosevelt's recent message spoke, on the whole, very guardedly of the plan for Federal supervision. He recommended that "Congress should consider whether the Federal Government has any power or owes any duty with respect to domestic transactions in insurance of an interstate character," adding: "That State supervision has proved inadequate, is generally conceded." The President's caution, in refraining from any definite proposal, was undoubtedly prompted by the constitutional difficulties in the way of compulsory Federal control of insurance. The Supreme Court's dictum in the well-known leading case of Paul *vs.* Virginia is that "insurance contracts are not articles of commerce in any sense of the word. They are not subjects of sale and barter, offered in the market as something having an existence and value independent of the parties to them. They are not commodities to be shipped or forwarded from one State to another, and then put up for sale. . . . Such contracts are not interstate transactions, though the parties may be domiciled in different States."

We see no reason for supposing that this decision would be reversed by the present Supreme Court; and, indeed, even if the reasoning therein contained were to be abandoned, there would nevertheless remain a serious obstacle, pointed out by Mr. C. F. Randolph in the *Columbia Law Review*, namely, that compulsory Federal control of insurance, if it involved the right under the interstate commerce clause to debar from business a company which did not take out a Federal charter, would thereby assume that the power of Congress to regulate commerce among the States includes also the right to prohibit it. This question would be of much importance, and could hardly fail to impress the mind of the Federal courts. The situation created by such legislation would not be, like some other considerations involved, analogous to the case of the national banks, because Congress in the bank legislation merely intervened to place a discriminating tax on note circulation of other than national banks. With their business activities in other directions it did not interfere. Banks with State charters went on exactly as before, save for the issue of circulating notes.

It is these considerations which have led to the more general adoption, by advocates of Federal supervision, of purely permissive legislation. From Washington comes the report that Mr. Roosevelt may advocate in a special message legislation for a Federal insurance bureau which shall supervise companies in behalf of the District of Columbia, where the national jurisdiction is unquestioned. Bills have already been introduced in Congress with this experiment in view. Such legislation would obviously not go very far. The additional proposition has been made that Congress endow with the title "national" all companies which voluntarily submit to the rules and supervision of the Federal insurance bureau. This plan, again, resembles the lately much-discussed project for Federal incorporation of the Trusts; the argument in both cases be-

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ing that the national charter or title would serve as a species of guarantee of soundness and good faith which would lead all respectable companies, in their own behalf, to resort to it.

To this experiment, applied in a purely permissive way to the insurance companies, we can see no objection save that against the multiplying of offices. To the plan of Federal charters which shall supersede and replace existing charters there are many objections, quite outside of the question of constitutionality. Senator Dryden's own bill, for example, has been bitterly opposed in Massachusetts, on the express ground that it provides less protection for the policyholder than do the State insurance laws. "The bill," asserts Mr. L. D. Brandeis, counsel for the Equitable policyholders' protective committee, "omits very many of the provisions which, for instance, in Massachusetts, have been inserted for the protection of the policyholder; it adds not a single one by which he may be better protected." Senator Dryden's bill, no doubt, might be amended; but the argument of the law officers of the State of Massachusetts challenges its fundamental principle, affirming that "State supervision is good or bad according to the merits of the best of the commissioners," whereas "Federal supervision must be good or bad according to the qualities of one man who is unchecked by the work of coördinate officials." It will possibly be replied that the existence of several excellent State bureaus for insurance supervision did not prevent the practices which the Armstrong committee's inquiry has exposed. But it must be remembered that the questions of solvency, financial soundness, maintenance of a proper reserve, are those which have chiefly occupied insurance bureaus in their supervision of companies chartered in another State. The generally admitted solvency of the companies, in the face of the corruption and misuse of funds by some of their officers, may be fairly accepted as witness to the adequacy of present State supervision in at least this regard.

UNCERTAINTIES AND CERTAINTIES ABOUT RUSSIA.

The difficulty of arriving at a clear notion of what is going on in Russia, not to speak of what the future has in store, is confessed not only by foreign spectators. Russians admit themselves equally at a loss. "We have all gone crazy" (*nous sommes tous fous*), said a Russian long resident in Paris to the editor of the *Temps*. It is a confession echoed everywhere. Russians in this country, with every means of private as well as public information, and with every motive for following events in their native land anxiously, will tell you that they know no more about the actual situation than does the average newspaper reader. And as to what is to take place, they refuse to prophesy even a day ahead. The confusion so closely approaches chaos, the uncertainty and fear are so great, the reports of massacre and pillage and universal snapping of the bonds of social order are so alarming, that we seem to be witnessing something like the fulfilment of Motley's forecast sixty years ago. Writing to his wife from St. Petersburg he said: "It seems to me that just as this city may at any moment, by six hours' too long continuance of a southwest wind, be inundated and swamped forever, so may Russia at any moment, through a succession of half-a-dozen bad Czars, be submerged in its original barbarism."

It is not surprising that the fall of the old governmental edifice in Russia should have been with such a tremendous crash. History may not repeat itself so precisely as some fondly believe; but the old teachings of history are always applicable, partially at least, to new situations. And while it is foolish to try to make the French Revolution go on all-fours with this Russian upheaval, we can see in the break-up of the *ancien régime* in France a working of human passion not unlike that which the Russian peasants and artisans are displaying to-day. Taine traced with endless detail the effect of long years of absolutism and oppression upon the psychology of the French people; and the terrible revenges they took upon the seigneurs almost seem to be the instruction which the Russians have bettered. Their work has been wild, but it has not been unnatural. Given dangerous gases under a constantly increasing pressure, and an explosion is inevitable. The wreck and terror of it are still making the news from Russia too much like the mad outcries from an insane asylum to be really intelligible or guiding. We are yet in the period of immense uncertainty, when any day may bring forth anything in Russia.

Some things may, however, be set down as certain. An end must somehow be put to violence. A reign of terror may have been necessary, all the circumstances being what they were, but it is necessary, too, that it be brought to a close, and order established. If the thing be not done by the muzhiks and the workingmen coming to their senses and allowing the moderate Liberals of intelligence to set up in peace a representative government, then some man of iron among the reactionaries will arise to put down the disturbers of public order with a merciless hand. The alternative to rational and orderly reform, after the tempest shall have passed, is a dictator. If things are too long abandoned to the mob, the "whiff of grapeshot" will do the business again, and do it with the approval of the civilized world, and of all in Russia who have property. Amid all the uncertainties, that is a certainty. Revolutionaries themselves admit that they have not intelligence or cohesion enough in their ranks to form and conduct a government. Then it is madness for them to get in the way of the men who can do it. Every one must hope that enough force may remain at Witte's orders to enable him to cope with mere anarchy, and to make possible the carrying out of the great experiment of a government in which the people have a voice.

That there is a body of educated and solid citizens in Russia, ready and able to bring their country into a new period safely, if freed from mob terror, the evidence is ample. We have reported from time to time the signs of hope and progress in the doings of the Zemstvo Congress. There has but now come to us a French translation of the programme recently put forward in the name of the "Democratic Constitutional Party." It was adopted at Moscow by the Liberals who have long striven for a Russian Constitution. Their sketch of what they think that fundamental law should be, shows them apt students of modern democracy. Guarantees of the elementary rights of the citizen —liberty of conscience, freedom of the press, the right of public meeting and of petition, with others—they would see written into the very charter of the new Government. Then, in their Article II., they provide for a representative government, with universal suffrage, annual budgets, and a responsible ministry. The judicial power is defined and safeguarded; the land question put in the way of legal solution; public instruction provided for. All told, such a project for modernizing and liberalizing Russia would be full of promise if there were hope of the country's soon settling down so as to permit trial of it to be made. At the adoption of this "platform," as we Americans should call it, by the convention at Moscow, some of the men who had long struggled and suffered for Russian liberty were overcome with emotion. They thought their dreams about to come true. But a condition precedent is the restoration of order. If the Liberals cannot restore it, the autocrats will.

FOREIGN OBSERVERS OF MODERN GERMANY.

Time was when the French could be justly reproached with wilful ignorance of their German neighbors. To-day, however, Paris papers and reviews abound in articles on Germany, and to not a few may be applied Goethe's encomium, as expressed to Eckermann: "It is remarkable how these writers in the Paris *Globe* grow steadily in stature and importance, and how unanimous their aim and purpose." One of

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the most valuable summaries of recent French impressions of Germany may be found in a paper by the Vicomte Eugène Melchior de Vogüé in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on "The New Germany."

M. de Vogüé revisited Germany after a lapse of twenty years, and found that "the good old woman has become a young giantess." Smiling fields have been transformed into bustling factory towns; the economic progress is prodigious. Two words, "colossal" and "Imperial," are the keynote of the Germany of to-day. Postoffices, railroad stations, stock exchanges, theatres, restaurants—all bear the impress of an architecture "striving after a double ideal—that of Rome and Chicago." Art has adapted herself to the new conditions. There is a wealth of statuary, almost exclusively of military heroes, ungraceful but impressive, as if "weighted down with a mighty thought." The bronze man on horseback meets the gaze at every step. "Thirty years ago, if one espied a statue in some small German town, he was safe in saying: 'Here stands some scholar, philosopher, or musician.' To-day it is one of the three founders of German unity." The personality of William II. pervades all Germany. He sets the national pace. In Bremen, M. de Vogüé's guide excuses himself for walking so rapidly: "It is the Emperor's gait."

But the modern Empire, nevertheless, has its charms for the Frenchman. The Hanse towns are of particular interest to him. Hamburg is a true republic, where equality is not an empty sound. M. de Vogüé found there not a trace of the friction between France and Germany, of which the papers of both countries were so full. He was much struck with the proud independence of the merchant princes of Hamburg and Bremen. "We want no ship subsidies from the State," he was told; "they kill private initiative and paralyze freedom of action." But amid all the evidences of material prosperity the French observer detects signs of evil augury—"the laziness of the younger generation rolling in the wealth acquired by the older; the laxity of morals, so noticeable in Berlin; a general weakening of the former discipline."

It is interesting to contrast with these impressions an article by Prof. Kuno Francke of Harvard on "German Ideals of To-day," in the December *Atlantic*. He naturally devotes much attention to modern educational standards, and, on the whole, regards with approval that tendency which, to quote Morley, "mightily exalts science." He is full of enthusiasm for the new literary and artistic movement, which he considers "in every way a worthy counterpart" to the great era in German literature at the end of the eighteenth century, much as he deplores the fact that "but few of the ideals that swelled the breasts of Schiller and his contemporaries" are a living force to-day. He has a robust faith in the superlative future greatness of Germany. Despite her bitter political antagonisms and the unbending rigidity of a church which "is doing her best to make religious life to the great majority of the people appear as a prodigious lie or mockery," he concludes, in a strain of glowing optimism, that, with undisturbed political conditions, the way is open to "a golden age of German achievements in every domain of higher inspiration."

It is curious to trace in the calm, philosophic skepticism of the French academician as in the exultant tone of the German-American professor, the influence of the forces which have transformed both France and Germany since the great struggle of 1870-71. In comparing these writers, so widely different in their points of view, one is often tempted to deplore, with Lowell, "that German tendency to bear on too heavily where a French critic would touch and go with such exquisite measure." Probably no one can be less conscious of a desire to disturb international relations than Professor Francke, and yet he allows himself to join in the cry of narrow German patriotism that "the beginnings of German sea-power are grudgingly watched, denounced, and, as much as possible, thwarted by cousins across the Channel." Not thus do men like Professor Paulsen endeavor to win their countrymen over to saner views of Anglo-German relations. These relations have grown less cordial in proportion as the French have drawn closer to the English. Few students of the comparative psychology of nations have dwelt on the fact that English influence on many of the greatest French writers has been deep and far-reaching, while very few German writers of similar rank have come under its direct spell. Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau—to mention only the greatest—all visited England and gained some insight into that country. To these names can be opposed, among Germans, only Lichtenberg, Heine, and Grillparzer. And Heine wrote: "Send a philosopher to London, but, for Heaven's sake, no poet."

The French of to-day are learning to understand both the English and the German. The judgments of M. de Vogüé and Professor Francke show in a strange way the shifting of some of the standards of national greatness in both countries since the Franco-German war. In his conclusion, M. de Vogüé wishes for his country a future "rich in the moral lessons to be drawn from the fate of Germany, though her wealth increase a hundredfold, even at the expense of France herself." In contrasting the modesty of this forecast with Professor Francke's triumphant pæan, one is reminded of two poems characteristic of the martial poetry of 1870-71—Freiligrath's "Trompeter von Gravelotte" and Déroulède's bugler, in one of his "Chants du Soldat." Both poems treated of the same subject—a dying bugler's last trumpet call; but while the Frenchman's last note was one of proud defiance, that of the German was one of humanitarian sadness. Have France and Germany changed rôles since then?

POPULAR EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

DUBLIN, November, 1905.

The appearance of the report of the Educational Commissioners for last year leads me to write concerning the system of national education in Ireland. Like every other department of government and administration here, it is managed by a Castle-appointed board responsible to the British Government of the day. The system was inaugurated in 1831, with 789 schools having 107,062 pupils, supported by a Parliamentary grant of £92,500 per annum. Fifty-three per cent. of our population could then neither read nor write. Last year (1904), for a population little over half what it was in 1831, the number of schools had increased to 8,443, the pupils to 736,545, the Government grants to £1,411,285. Our illiterates are now but 14 per cent. of the population. The number of pupils is nearly 30 per cent. less than some years ago. This is due in part to the decrease in our population, in part to the increased means at the disposal of religious orders, and their efforts to attract pupils to denominational schools. The large increase in the Parliamentary grant is no proof of special generosity on the part of the Imperial Treasury. It is well known that a committee of enquiry, appointed by Mr. Balfour some years ago, reported that Ireland was, as against the terms of the treaty of union, overtaxed several millions per annum. The South African war and the, of late years, enormous increases in the cost of armaments have considerably added to this overtaxation.

The National Education system, as inaugurated, was an honest effort on the part of doctrinaires to draw all parties in Ireland together by common education in common schools. The schools were open to persons of all denominations. No pupil was required to attend at any religious exercise, or to receive any religious instruction which his parents or guardians did not approve; and opportunity was afforded to the pupils of each religious persuasion to receive separately such religious instruction as their parents or guardians approved. Then, as now, a card was exhibited during ordinary school hours notifying that secular instruction alone can be imparted. It must be remembered that undenominational education as between Catholics and Protestants implies a narrower system of education than undenominational education between Protestant churches or sects. The Bible cannot be referred to, and history of any value cannot be taught. (I doubt there being any population in the world of like intelligence to ours that knows so little definitely of the history of its own country.) Although both the Catholic and Protestant archbishops of

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Dublin gave their approval to the system and took part in its management, and although children of all denominations, in default of other means of education, trooped into the schools, the system was from the first assailed by the preponderating influence of both Catholics and Protestants in Ireland—the former declaring the schools to be "godless," the latter demanding "the open Bible" in the schools. In 1831, Irish was very generally spoken throughout the country. No one contends that it was not desirable that the people should then have been taught English. It is, however, now very generally recognized that it was a misfortune that children were not taught English through their own language rather than to its exclusion. Their minds were stored with a rich heritage of tradition, song, and legend, for the most part elevating in its tendency. They have in general exchanged this, not for the higher literature in the English tongue, but for the penny-dreadful and the yellow press. There was, however, then no general protest on the part of Irish Ireland, and we can scarcely blame the chief movers (mostly English) in the establishment of the system, who were profoundly ignorant of the treasures inherent in the Irish tongue, which they regarded as but an impediment to enlightenment and to material progress.

I have said that the system was an honest effort for common education. Common effort on common grounds does not necessarily imply common aim. Nothing gave a more powerful weapon into the hands of Catholic opponents of the system than the publication of a letter of Archbishop Whately's, after his death, in which he justified his support of the schools by his belief that they tended towards the disintegration of Catholicism. As Catholic Ireland gained in power and influence, its opposition to the national schools became more effective, and a few years ago a compromise was arrived at which appears to satisfy all parties. The teachers from the first had been educated together in an undenominational college under the Board. This system was changed. The old college was retained, practically for Presbyterian teachers. Denominational training colleges under religious management have been established. Government allows a capitation grant, and the students must pass Government tests in secular knowledge and teaching capacity. After some years' training under religious influences—the Catholics in conventual institutions under religious orders—there is no likelihood of their influence, even under a normally undenominational system, being other than denominational. Then comes the strangest part of our system—that which places teachers completely under the thumb of ecclesiastical authority. Each school has a manager appointed by those originally instrumental in having it started, or in succession of the manager then appointed. Four-fifths of the managers are clergymen. The teachers of these national schools, supported by the State and paid for by the State, are appointed by and can be dismissed by the managers! There can be little doubt that, in the choice of teachers, the religious concerns of the parish are often more considered than the education of the children.

The system has become practically denominational, 4,332 of the schools under Catholic teachers are attended exclusively by Catholics; 1,536 under Protestant teachers are attended exclusively by Protestants; 1,934 schools under Catholic teachers are attended by only 5.4 per cent. Protestants; while 868 schools under Protestant teachers have only 8.9 per cent. Catholics. There are but 30 schools in which Catholic and Protestant teachers work together. It is not uncommon to find near together in the same district schools nominally undenominational, in reality Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, or Methodist; and in localities where the population is sparse and mixed, children who have a school at their door will be found walking miles to one the bias of which is more congenial to the belief of their parents. Thirty schools throughout Ireland, with an average daily attendance of 6,650 pupils, are kept directly under control of the Board, as model schools. They are generally mixed, and are not approved of by the religious world; nevertheless they are attended by about 2,000 Catholic children.

To those who realize what united systems of a really common education are accomplishing in other countries, that which I have sketched may appear deplorable in its denominational segregations. That it is preferred, shows how sincere and general is the belief in Ireland that eternal happiness depends upon the conservation of certain forms of belief—that the affairs of this world are as nothing compared to those of another. Any suggestion for the popular control of the details of education is scouted, especially by Catholics. If Ireland had to pay for its education out of funds raised in Ireland, it is scarcely likely that this state of feeling would prevail. Apart from history, the Irish national schools now afford an excellent common-school education. In the care of the girls, perhaps more attention might be given to needlework and domestic economy.

To encourage intermediate education in Ireland a Board of Commissioners was some twenty years ago instituted. It is a purely examining body. Each year it puts forward a course of study. Upon this course, to all comers below a certain age, examinations are held annually at centres throughout Ireland. The subjects examined in extend from classics and modern languages, through the ordinary school course, to music, shorthand, physics, chemistry, mechanics, botany, drawing, and physiology. Last year 8,530 young persons presented themselves for examination at 234 centres, £8,800 was given in prizes, and £62,800 to schools in proportion to the number of students they passed successfully. The cost of administration, some £15,000, appears high. This board has done good work, and has sensibly raised the standards of intermediate education. The result of its examinations has dispelled the illusion that Catholics in Ireland lag behind Protestants in their abilities and desire for education, and that Catholic schools and colleges are less capable than Protestant of imparting knowledge. Five Catholic schools stand at the head of last year's list as having carried off the greatest number of prizes and exhibitions. Catholic and Protestant schools bracketed together occupy the sixth to the twelfth places. Of the 557 boys' prizes, 70 per cent. were gained by Catholics. The value of these prizes was £5,537, and 66 per cent. of this was gained by Catholics. In the case of girls, 69 per cent. of the prizes and 72 per cent. of their value was in like manner gained by Catholics. (Catholics form 75 per cent. of our population.) This is a remarkable record, considering how the education of Catholics was banned in the past, and that its outcome is barred by the want of a university entirely in accord with Catholic predilections. We must also take into account the smaller proportion of our Catholic people than of our Protestant that have risen into the social scale from which these intermediate scholars are drawn.

Ability to pass examinations is by no means a test of education in the best sense of the term. Observers must be constantly struck with the narrow range of thought and feeling, with the little real interest in literature and wide affairs, in those who have passed examinations brilliantly. They, however, afford the only possible tests of fitness for office and public employment. There appears more of a tendency in our Catholic youth than in our Protestant to look for careers in life to official employment rather than to business. The Irish Protestant temperament appears to take more kindly to business and commerce. We Irish have not shown the same ability as the English and the Scotch in assurance and banking. Something must be allowed for the degree to which the deadening effect of the Penal Laws has not yet worn out, and something for still unsettled political problems. Protestants in Ireland, both indigenous and immigrant, are, in the main, satisfied with the institutions of the country, and can give undivided attention to their own affairs. Catholics still, to a considerable extent, have "their backs to the wall." As, through the extension of local government, appointments fall more and more under popular control, Protestants (being in the minority) have less and less chance; while as to business, I heard an Englishman resident in Ireland say lately that he thought a young Protestant had as good chances here as across the Channel.

D. B.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF PASCAL'S 'PENSÉES.'

PARIS, November 28, 1905.

The French language seems, by its precision, its clearness, some would say its dryness, particularly fit for the expression of those short and isolated sentences which are called "Pensées," "Maximes." We have literature of this sort which may truly be called incomparable. I need only speak of La Rochefoucauld, of Pascal, of La Bruyère, of Vauvenargues. The attention of collectors of the precious works of these thinkers has been recently called to the new and very curious edition of the 'Pensées' of the immortal Pascal; it is no other than a facsimile of the manuscript which is preserved in our National Library. The manuscript and the facsimile are so difficult to read that the text has been printed opposite, with valuable notes by M. Léon Brunschvicg. The whole forms a folio volume, with 258 plates in phototypes, and 258 pages of text.

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The public can now have full knowledge of what Sainte-Beuve called these "immortal *brouillons*"; for the notes written by Pascal are no more than rough drafts, comparable to the first sketches of an artist. M. Victor Giraud, writing on the subject of this new edition, justly remarks that

"if we had to enumerate all the works—editions, articles or books—of which Pascal has been the subject for fifteen or twenty years past, we should be surprised to see how many of the faithful cherish among us the religion of this great memory. . . . In the space of only two years, 1896-1897, there appeared as many as five new editions of the 'Pensées'; in less than six years, from 1899 to 1905, six volumes, six studies, have been consecrated to Pascal. Is Pascal going to dethrone Voltaire or Molière in this fervor and community of admiration which is generally professed for the great writer who represents best the genius of a race? Are we beginning to be as proud of the author of the 'Pensées' as the Italians are of their Dante or the English of their Shakspere?

"The answer to these questions seems to be easy: the popularity of Pascal will never be of the same order as the popularity of Dante or Shakspere; the word popularity, even, ought not to be employed in this case. Pascal will never be read except by the 'happy few,' by an élite of thinkers interested in religious and philosophical questions. The dramatic part of his work lies in the inner life; it is not objective, but purely subjective; it lies in the conflict of philosophical doubt and religious belief, in the struggle between human pride and the humility of faith."

The two great works of Pascal are the 'Provinciales' and the 'Pensées.' The 'Provinciales' made more noise in their time; they are a series of letters on the questions which separated the Jésuits from the Jansenists; they are an eloquent and very persuasive indictment of the worldly form of religion of the Jesuits, of what was called the "religion aisée"; at the same time they may be considered a theological work, dilating chiefly on questions which in our day are almost forgotten by the great public, if not unknown to it. The 'Provinciales' were published by Pascal himself; the 'Pensées' are mere notes, fragments, materials for a work which Pascal never finished. How were these notes to be published? The author's plan could only be presumed, and it was necessary to find a method of classification. The plan adopted by the friends of Pascal, the Jansenists of Port-Royal, consisted in classifying the 'Pensées' according to their general tendencies; in that form they constituted a sort of methodical apologia of the Christian religion. I have before me the original edition of the 'Pensées,' in its Jansenist binding (*simple morocco, without* any trace of gold). The title is 'Pensées de M. Pascal sur la religion et sur quelques autres sujets qui ont été trouvées après sa mort parmy ses papiers.' There is a preface, not signed, explaining how the 'Pensées' were written and collected, what Pascal's object was in the work he intended to write, and in what way he spent the last years of his life. The same arrangement of the 'Pensées' was followed in succeeding editions, and in our day in various editions which I need not mention.

An attempt has been made to use in a different way the original materials left in our hands. These materials, besides the original manuscript, two copies of which are also in the National Library, consist of two manuscripts of Father Guerrier, the portfolio of a Doctor Vaillant, three other manuscripts, one of which had been in the possession of Sainte-Beuve, the edition of Port-Royal, the edition of Bossuet, the life of Pascal by Madame Périer, the works of Nicole. Sainte-Beuve, who can always be fruitfully consulted, wrote in 1852 an article on the new edition, with notes and commentaries, of M. Havet. In it he discussed the problem of the 'Pensées,' and showed that the first edition did not contain all that Pascal had left. "The principal facts only were given; and in what was given, various scruples of doctrine, even of grammar, induced the editors to soften, to explain certain parts where the author's vivacity and impatience were manifested in too brusque or too concise strokes, and with a positive character which, in such matters, might be compromising."

It was in 1844 that M. Faugère published the 'Pensées' in conformity with the manuscripts themselves; and the Havet edition gave this text with many notes and explanations. M. Léon Brunschvicg has taken a step further: it has seemed to him that into the disorder of the manuscript it was not impossible to introduce a certain order. He has attempted to make a new classification of the fragments left by Pascal, and to unite them according to the subjects treated. M. Brunschvicg is a philosopher; he has published articles and books which show him to be in a state of mind different from that of Pascal; but he is impartial, and never takes a combative attitude. He has subdivided the 'Pensées' into fourteen sections: (1) Pensées sur l'esprit et sur le style; (2) Misère de l'homme sans Dieu; (3) De la nécessité du Pari; (4) Des moyens de croire; (5) La Justice et la Raison des effets; (6) Les Philosophes; (7) La Morale et la Doctrine; (8) Les fondemens de la Religion Chrétienne; (9) La Perpétuité; (10) Les Figuratifs; (11) Les Prophéties; (12) Preuves de Jésus-Christ; (13) Les Miracles; (14) Fragmens polémiques. M. Brunschvicg edited the 'Pensées' for the collection of the Great Writers of France (Hachette), and had previously published a classic little edition of 'Opuscules et Pensées' (Hachette, 1897). His notes and commentaries are very valuable, and his efforts to understand Pascal very interesting. He has crowned his long labor by reproducing in phototypes the manuscript of the 'Pensées.' This beautiful work is chiefly due to the house of Hachette, which from the start has rendered such services to French letters.

The sight of the words written by Pascal's own hand makes an impression, a sensation of its own. It seems as if you followed the very movement of his mind. The fragment of the Wager (the *Pari*) is almost illegible, but its physiognomy is very peculiar and in harmony with the thought. In the fragment on the "thinking reed" (*le roseau pensant*), written in a beautiful and very legible manner, how striking is the close! "The last act is bloody, however fine the comedy may have been in all the rest; a little earth is at last thrown on the head, and there is the end forever." Pascal had first written "for eternity"; he changed it to "forever," finding "pour jamais" more terrible. Joseph Bertrand, the mathematician, wrote a volume on Pascal (1891); a poet, Sully-Prudhomme, has given us quite recently 'La Vraie Religion selon Pascal,' a research into the purely logical order of his 'Pensées' relating to religion, followed by an analysis of the 'Discours sur les Passions de l'Amour.' We must mention also the 'Pascal' which M. Adolphe Hatzfeld published in the collection of Great Philosophers, the 'Pascal' of M. Boutroux, professor at the Sorbonne. We read in his preface: "Pascal knelt before writing, and begged the infinite Spirit to subdue to himself all there was in him, in order that that force might accord with this humility. By his humility he offered himself to inspiration."

It is a curious fact that Pascal should have drawn to himself so many eminent thinkers in all times. He remains a sort of problem which is never solved. What will always attract us, after all, to Pascal, is not the theologian: it is the moralist and the writer. He will ever remain one of the great masters of the French language. There is much truth in what Sainte-Beuve wrote many years ago (and who could judge him better than the author of the admirable volumes on Port-Royal?):

"Curious and erudite minds will continue to study Pascal *à fond*, but the result which appears now acquired for minds that are simply serious, and for hearts that are simply right—the advice I am going to give them after reading the last edition of the 'Pensées'—is not to pretend to penetrate too far into the peculiar and Jansenist Pascal: it is to be content to approach him on this side and to hear him on some essential points, but to be satisfied with him, with the spectacle of the moral struggle, of the storm, of the passion which he feels for the good and for a worthy happiness. Taking him in this way, you will sufficiently resist his somewhat narrow and absolute logic; you will be open to his flame, to all there is that is tender and generous in him; you will associate yourself easily with this ideal of moral perfection which he personifies so ardently in Jesus Christ; you will feel yourselves elevated and purified in the hours spent in *tête-à-tête* with this athlete, this martyr, this hero of the invisible moral world. Pascal is all that for us."

Noble words and great thoughts! Nobody could express better or better condense the real significance of the 'Pensées.' "The world moves," also says Sainte-Beuve; "it is developing more and more in the direction of positive interests. . . . It is well that there should be somewhere a counterpoise; that in a few solitary places, without protesting against the movement of the century, some firm, generous, not embittered minds should tell the century by what means it might complete and crown itself."

Correspondence.

LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE: INDEX

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As the Clarendon Press has issued an announcement relating to the index volume of my edition of the Letters of Horace Walpole which conveys the impression that the indices have been prepared by myself, with the assistance of the gentlemen named, I beg to state that this is not the case.

Owing to circumstances beyond my control, I was unfortunately prevented from completing the indices in time for the publication of the index volume at the date announced by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press. I was myself desirous that the issue of the index volume should be post-

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poned for a few months, in order that I might fulfil the promise of the prospectus and title-page as to the preparation of the indices by the editor of the work. The Delegates, however, considered it of paramount importance that the volume should be issued at the date originally announced, and I was therefore reluctantly compelled to accede to their request that I should hand over the indices to them for completion by other hands. My MS. material, which covered the whole of the first eight volumes and part of the ninth, for the index of persons (with the exception of the article Horace Walpole), and the first two volumes for the indices of places and subjects, was sent to the press on the understanding that it should be printed in its entirety, and should serve as a model for the completion of the index on the same plan.

When, however, the proofs of the index reached me (which I was requested to correct, though the copy was withheld from me), I found that my plan had been changed, and that numerous alterations, excisions, and interpolations had been made, without my consent, in the portions completed by myself, so that I was no longer able to recognize my own work.

In these circumstances I could not consent to correct the proofs, nor can I accept any responsibility for the indices now announced for publication.

Yours faithfully, HELEN TOYNBEE.

FIVEWAYS BURNHAM, BUCKS, ENGLAND,
December 2, 1905.

"CLASPED LIKE A MISSAL WHERE SWART PAYNIMS PRAY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This beautiful line, the subject of a communication to the *Nation* of November 23, seems to have been penned for the confusion of critics and translators. It has misled two literary connoisseurs of acknowledged reputation, M. Philarète Chasles and Leigh Hunt. M. Chasles, rendering, half a century ago, passages from the "Eve of St. Agnes" into French prose for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, proceeded prosperously until he encountered these unlucky Paynim, whom, deceived by their contiguity to a missal, he took for clergymen, and translated accordingly. Perceiving, nevertheless, the singularity involved in the complexions of these divines, he met the difficulty in true French fashion by calmly dropping the inexplicable epithet, and writing "Où prient les prêtres," thus making the missal continually open where it behooved it to be continually shut. For Leigh Hunt's interpretation is entirely wide of the mark. He says: "'Clasped like a missal in a land of Pagans'; that is to say, where Christian prayer-books must not be seen, and are, therefore, doubly cherished for the danger." He conceives, then, of the missal as "clasped" to the bosom, out of special affection, or for special protection. But if the slumbering Madeline can be appropriately compared to a missal in this condition, she herself must obviously be "clasped" in the same manner—she, the ideal of virginal purity, whom her very lover only dares to approach.

"Clasped" means simply fastened with a clasp, and the sleeping maiden is compared to a shut missal, precisely as in the last line of the stanza she is compared to a shut rose; with the heightening circumstance that not only is the missal shut, but it is shut in Heathenesse, where it will never be opened.

I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,

RICHARD GARNETT.

HAMPSTEAD, LONDON, December 10, 1905.

GLADSTONE AND THE CONFEDERATE LOAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have received from Mr. John Bigelow a copy of his pamphlet 'Lest We Forget,' wherein it is maintained that Mr. Gladstone held Confederate stock, and that, in denying that he held it, as he did most emphatically, he lied.

I thank Mr. Bigelow for his courtesy in sending me his pamphlet. I find in it not only not the slightest proof of his charge, but corroboration of Mr. Gladstone's denial. Mr. Bigelow gives the names of a number of other persons of more or less distinction who were set down as holding Confederate stock, and who publicly denied the fact. As they were avowed partisans of the South, they would not have been ashamed of holding Confederate stock. Forgery, then, was at work; and the motive for it in Mr. Gladstone's case is plain.

The imputation in Mr. Gladstone's case was monstrous. He was a member of a Government in a position which called for the utmost circumspection. Such indiscretion on his part is surely incredible.

Mr. Bigelow's charge really rests upon nothing but the assumption that Mr. Gladstone was an enemy of the United States. This I positively deny. In holding that the better course would be, instead of forcibly reannexing the South, to let it go and look to future union with Canada, he did no more than was done by some of the warmest friends of the republic.

Yours faithfully, GOLDWIN SMITH.

TORONTO, December 12, 1905.

CANADIAN BIBLIOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of your paragraph on Canadian bibliographies, it may interest some readers of the *Nation* to know that Dr. N. E. Dionne, librarian for the Legislature of Quebec, has published a most valuable work on this subject. This is his 'Inventaire Chronologique des Livres, Brochures, Journaux et Revues Publiés en langue française dans la province de Québec, depuis l'établissement de l'imprimerie au Canada jusqu'à nos jours, 1764-1905.' He proposes to follow this up by a second list of all the works published in different languages bearing on Quebec, and also by a third, comprising the books, pamphlets, newspapers, and reviews published in English in the province of Quebec. Apart from its other merits, this 'Inventaire' shows the skill of the French-Canadian printer. A. M.

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, HALIFAX,
December 11, 1905.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE IN GERMANY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To those who have watched the progress of the anti-alcohol agitation in Germany it will be of interest to learn what has been accomplished to date. The results are summed up by Dr. Popert of Hamburg in the *Politische-Anthropologische Revue* for December. According to this report the results so far achieved may be classed under four heads: (1) a large increase of total abstainers, and their unification into a body that is managed with military strictness of discipline; (2) the dissemination of facts (*Aufklärung*) among all classes of society through the medium of this organization; (3) the tactics to which the abstainers have compelled their opponents to resort; (4) the change in the attitude of officialdom.

The total number of abstainers in the German empire is now sixty thousand. This is but 1 per cent. of the entire population, and does not look very promising. The case, however, wears a different aspect when we remember that, twelve years ago, there was but one prominent temperance advocate south of the Elder. Besides, as Dr. Popert reminds us, these twelve years were the time when the cause had to undergo its severest test. It had to encounter ridicule of the most unqualified kind, both in public and in the periodicals that deigned to mention it at all. Total abstainers were commonly designated as "old women without petticoats." Vituperation has now taken the place of ridicule; on this line the various alcohol interests have united for defence. While the Independent Order of Good Templars is the élite corps of the temperance army, there are in Germany thirty-four other organizations of the same character, and about an equal number in Austria. The bar has an organization of its own, with several branches, as have also the students.

These are all united into the *Allgemeine Deutsche Zentralverband zur Bekämpfung des Alcoholismus*. The cause is supported by more than forty periodicals. It has been demonstrated that the expectation of life of the total abstainer is about twenty-five per cent. better than that of the moderate drinker. Some time ago, the *Zentralverband* of Hamburg offered a prize of one thousand marks to any one who should disprove the truth of this affirmation. No takers have thus far reported. It is further admitted that every drop of alcohol taken into the human system during its development period is poison. The success of the Japanese has also done much to promote the cause of total abstinence. During the strike of the miners in the present year, the watchword was everywhere: "Workmen, beware of alcohol; it is your worst enemy." The warning was heeded, and not a crime was committed.

Under the third head may be discussed all the financial interests affected by the decrease in the consumption of strong drink. The weapons chiefly used are distortion and misapprehension of the facts elicited by experiments on the human system, and denunciation. It need hardly be said that we are already sufficiently familiar with this mode of procedure.

Significant of the changed attitude of the Government officials were the auspices under which the third convention of total abstainers met in Dresden, in September, 1905. The civic authorities granted the use of the largest public building in the city,

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besides a subvention in money. The municipal council, including the mayor, greeted the convention in words that testified the strongest sympathy with the cause it had met to promote. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the temperance cause is the fact that it originated in a sentiment, a sort of instinct of self-preservation, akin to that which keeps animals from eating deleterious plants. At last this instinctive feeling has come to be recognized everywhere as founded on a strictly scientific basis. CHARLES W. SUPER.

ATHENS, O., December 14, 1905.

THE BACHELOR'S DEGREE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The annual report of President Butler of Columbia University has been read with interest by many who note with pleasure what he says of the arrangements by which candidates for the bachelor's degree are no longer to be compelled to devote four years of study to its attainment. The following sentence contains the gist of the matter:

"It breaks up the lock-step, or system of uniform annual promotions from class to class, which has lingered on in the colleges long after it has disappeared from the elementary and secondary schools."

This has met with general approval, and has been commented on widely by the newspapers as "The Columbia Idea." In this connection it is interesting to refer to an editorial in the *Nation*, September 4, 1902, of which the following is the significant portion:

"Following the example of Harvard, the University of Pennsylvania rearranges its order of studies so that an ambitious student may attain the bachelor's degree in three years. This is brought about much as it was at Cambridge, by requiring a certain number of courses for the degree, and permitting the student to follow as many in any year as he is able and willing to undertake. By carrying twenty hours of classes a week, the required sixty courses are completed in three years. Furthermore, the university intends to accept the logic of this 'unit' system, and let every man achieve his sixty units in his own time—be it three, six, or ten years. That this innovation will greatly change the traditional leisureliness and solidarity of American college life, no one can doubt."

When this change went into effect at the University of Pennsylvania in 1902, it necessitated another change, the benefits of which are felt more and more each year. Every student was assigned to a member of the faculty, who was to act as "adviser." No selection of studies could be made without the guidance and general approval of the adviser, who was able to make many suggestions, the result of experience, of the utmost value to the student. The plan has accomplished much more than was expected of it; and what the chairman of the Pennsylvania committee who drew up the plan termed "graduation by birthdays," has disappeared, and "graduation by individual ability" has taken its place.

Yours truly, JOSIAH H. PENNIMAN.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA,
December 16, 1905.

Notes.

The Macmillan Co. will publish directly 'The Modern Trust Company: Its Functions and Organization,' by F. B. Kirkbride and J. E. Sterrett, and the 1906 edition of 'Who's Who,' much enlarged, and containing the number of a man's sons and daughters, of his motor-car, his telephone, and sometimes his telegraphic address.

Mr. R. R. Bowker sends us Volume II. of the 'American Catalogue, 1900-1905' (Office of the *Publishers' Weekly*). It is substantially a reprint from that journal's Weekly Record of new books, but reduced under one alphabet *per annum* and not for the period. Its contents are less complete, numerically, than those of Volume I., but, on the other hand, it gives the full title-pages—and, above all, is annotated here and there. The annotation is not systematic, and presents many curiosities of selection and approbation. Often enough it usefully defines the character or summarizes the contents of a work; sometimes it has to tell of the author, as that he is a clergyman (writing on the mosquito), or that "Mr. Riis was born in Denmark in 1849," or that "Mr. Corbin is a Harvard man who has resided in Oxford," etc. But the most striking feature is the attention bestowed upon novels and the outlines of their plots. This may be very well for the *Weekly*, but it obviously entails a great loss of space, with no permanent gain. If no one, five years hence, can name the author of 'Miss Pritchard's Wedding-Trip,' for instance, will posterity be greatly interested in the nine lines setting forth its plot? We must not be thought to undervalue this section of the Catalogue. It is a great and worthy enterprise, and it is to go on.

The Newnes-Scribner series of "Drawings by the Masters" gives us, in its latest issue, forty-eight drawings by Menzel, on the whole rather disappointing in quality. They are very various in manner and material, from smudgy charcoal to incisive pen, and contain figures, animals, architecture, even elaborate studies of Moltke's field-glasses, but show little to justify a colossal and almost legendary reputation.

'Normandy,' by Gordon Home (London: Dent; New York: Dutton), is, we take it, to be considered mainly as a vehicle for the two-dozen colored illustrations and the fewer line drawings, by the author. At least, we trust that Mr. Home will pardon us for devoting our limited space, at this season, rather to his art than to his literature. His water-colors, then, so far as one may judge them from reproductions, are eminently sound and sane, well drawn, not disagreeably colored, apparently rather literal, but always interesting in choice and arrangement of subject. In some of them there is an over-insistence on the note of blue and purple; but otherwise there is nothing impressionistic, as there is nothing romantic. We are travelling in the company of a sensible man who knows what is worth seeing and shows it to us as it is. The book will certainly give us a better notion of Normandy than Mr. Menpes's much more multitudinous blots can convey to us of Brittany or another place.

E. S. Shuckburgh's 'Augustus' was first published in London by T. Fisher Unwin, in 1903. It now appears on the list of an American publisher (A. Wessels Co.). It is a valuable book, fuller than Firth's 'Augustus Cæsar' in the "Heroes of the Nations" series, which is the only other English biography of Augustus; and Shuckburgh's eyes are more open to the evils attending the establishment of monarchy than were Firth's.

The child public has fared decidedly well in the season's crop of books, and we have not exhausted the notable juveniles in our three conspectuses. We must be very brief with what remain. 'The Red Book of Romance,' edited by Andrew Lang (Longmans, Green & Co.), will be welcomed by many as the youngest scion of a delightful family. Otherwise, in spite of its attractive form and fine illustrations by H. T. Ford, it is distinctly disappointing. The stories are all told by Mrs. Lang, and are in a graceful, easy style, except for a trick of generalization in a would-be humorous fashion, and occasional unpleasant affectations. No attempt is made to place the stories chronologically, and we pass from "William of Palermo" to Norse heroes, from the "Gesta Romanorum" to Spenser and Cervantes (both of whom, it may be remarked, seem to strike a jarring note here), from "Early English Metrical Romances" back to Apuleius, and on to the "Orlando Furioso," in a way to puzzle even a mature reader. Beatrice Clay has done an excellent piece of work in her "Stories of King Arthur and the Round Table" (London: Dent; New York: Dutton). It would seem at first sight impossible that, after 'The Age of Chivalry,' Lang's 'Book of Romance,' and the works of Sidney Lanier and Howard Pyle, there should be any room left for a new volume of Arthurian stories. Yet in this present book the legends are so plainly, concisely, and connectedly told that a reader will probably get a clearer idea about the Round Table than from any of the writings above mentioned. The same English and American firms are coupled on the title-page of an unabridged 'Robinson Crusoe,' with colored and other illustrations by J. A. Symington. These are pleasing if (in the color plates) too finished, and the unusually broad measure permits an open, readable type. Edith Dunham's 'Jogging Round the World' (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) is a curious photographic object-lesson in modes of land conveyance the world over, and will please any child by the plates alone. There is a slight text for each. Helen Hay's 'Verses for Jock and Joan' (Fox, Duffield & Co.) challenges comparison with Betty Sage's 'Rhymes of Real Children' of a year ago. The verse is correspondingly humorous, perhaps a trifle more sophisticated. Charlotte Harding's colored designs will hardly be thought equal to Jessie Willcox Smith's, yet are admirable in their way. The letter-press, in its yellow border, is inharmonious. 'The Dwarf's Spectacles, and Other Fairy Tales, told by Max Nordau to his little Maxa' (Macmillan), is worthy to be read and loved by many other children for its originality, its pleasant style, and its gentle lessons with touches of deeper meaning. 'A Natural History for Young People,' by Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S. (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is an illustrated English compilation which deals with mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, and invertebrates. The writer has given a few original observations. Beyond a general classification, he has not attempted scientific methods of treatment. He has selected, from the various groups, the most

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interesting species, and has written about them with much entertaining detail.

The problem of providing suitable collateral reading for college classes engaged in the study of the labor problem is partially solved by the appearance of Professor Commons's 'Trade Unionism and Labor Problems' (Boston: Ginn & Co.). This is the second volume of the "Selections and Documents in Economics" now being brought out under the editorial direction of Prof. W. Z. Ripley of Harvard University. Professor Commons has gathered some twenty-eight selections dealing with most of the phases of the labor movement. He has drawn upon Government publications, periodical literature, and various monographs which could not otherwise be made available for large classes of college students, and has summarized the decisions of the courts in important cases relating to labor. The selections will supplement admirably the lectures and ordinary reference-books which have constituted hitherto the principal pabulum that teachers could set before their students, while it should prove of value to many readers who do not enjoy access to well-stocked libraries. Inasmuch, however, as the conditions of the labor problem, especially in the United States, are subject to such rapid changes, a work like this will require constant revision if it is to retain its usefulness for any considerable time.

'The Sociological Theory of Capital' (Macmillan) is the title which Prof. C. W. Mixter gives to his reprint of John Rae's 'Principles of Political Economy.' Rae's work, which originally appeared in 1834, professed to expose the fallacies of the theory of free trade and of some other doctrines taught by Adam Smith. Although noticed by John Stuart Mill and a few other economists, the book was long neglected, and is now resurrected, not for the sake of its criticisms of the 'Wealth of Nations,' but for its interesting discussions of the subject of capital. Professor Mixter, in fact, has taken the liberty of cutting out the chapters dealing with the theory of capital and making them the basis of the present volume, while consigning the rest of the original treatise to an "Appendix." We can only conjecture what the author would have thought of such a dismemberment of his *magnum opus*. Professor Mixter has gathered considerable information about Rae's life, of which little has been known hitherto, and has lavished editorial labor upon the present attractive volume. There is no question of the value and interest of Rae's discussion of the theory of capital, and it is well to have this part of the work put at the disposal of all students of economic theory; but the need of reprinting the chapters which Professor Mixter relegates to the appendix, seems open to serious question.

Richard Aldrich's 'Guide to the Ring of the Nibelung' (Oliver Ditson Co.) appears just in time for the Christmastide performances of Wagner's great trilogy. Mr. Aldrich has not endeavored to throw new light on these scores; but he has the advantage of coming last, and thus being able to benefit by the labors of others and giving an analysis which in completeness and usefulness surpasses those of his predecessors.

Women have almost ousted men from the field of fiction. In the realm of music mere man still holds his own, although the feminine tide is rising steadily. Musical compositions by women have hitherto been conspicuous for quantity rather than quality, though it is difficult to find any intrinsic reason why women should not write as interesting songs as they do novels, unless it be that their excessive devotion to personalities makes the musical idea slow in coming to them. Arthur P. Schmidt of Boston has issued a collection of 'Songs' by Theresa Holmes Garrison quite above the average, and affording pleasant hopes for the future of woman's activity in this field. It is dedicated to the late Lillian Bailey Henschel. The contents are grouped under four heads: Sacred Songs, Three Love Songs, Four Songs, Songs to be Sung to Children (these groups are published separately). The poems are by Sidney Lanier, Alice Freeman Palmer, Wendell Phillips Stafford, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Josephine Preston Peabody, Sarah Pratt McLean Greene, and Abbie Farwell Brown. If it be asked to what school the composer of these songs belongs, it might be said that she appears to have made a sympathetic study of Brahms—that is, of his methods of expressing musical ideas. This is true particularly in the case of "Nightfall," which is one of the best songs in the collection. Others to be marked for excellence are "The House and the Road," "Windy Nights," and "The Candy Lion," a tragi-comic story for children, the last half-dozen bars of which are an amusing musical counterpart of the words "he's just a candy Roar, and might as well be dead." Other clever touches of the kind might be pointed out in these songs.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams has just reprinted in pamphlet form a paper, 'Some Phases of the Civil War,' recently read by him before the Massachusetts Historical Society. It is in substance a criticism of the fourth and fifth volumes of Mr. James Ford Rhodes's 'History of the United States.' Mr. Adams draws attention to an undoubtedly weak point in that valuable book when he attacks Mr. Rhodes on his neglect of the question of sea control, and will find many supporters in his contention that the control of the sea was a decisive factor, and that Sherman's march to Savannah broke the back of the Confederacy. The paper also contains an interesting discussion of Butler's influence in 1864. But Mr. Adams should not speak of Grant's campaign of the Wilderness as a "failure" without qualification. The war could not have been ended without a great reduction both of the numbers and of the extraordinary morale of Lee's army; and that much Grant did accomplish. The Wilderness and Spottsylvania made Appomattox possible.

Although not so famous as his younger brother, Alexander, Wilhelm von Humboldt was a distinguished scholar and statesman and a remarkably attractive personality. It was especially this latter quality that brought him into intimate relations with the most illustrious of his contemporaries in art and literature, and lends to his correspondence not only intense interest, but also great historical value. Several volumes of his letters have already appeared from time to time, and another, perhaps the most important, has just been published under the title 'Wilhelm und Karoline von Humboldt in ihren Briefen.' This first volume has been edited by Anna von Sydow, and is published in Berlin by Mittler & Sohn. It covers the period of their early life until their marriage in 1791, and will be followed by other volumes containing their correspondence until her death in 1829. Karoline von Humboldt (by birth Dacheröden) was a very gifted and lovable woman, who moved in the most intellectual circles of Weimar at that time. The warm friendship and familiar intercourse of the writers of these letters, especially with Goethe and Schiller, impart to them a peculiar value.

An exceptionally valuable contribution to the Russian university problem is furnished by the famous law professor, Prince Eugene Trubetzkoy of Kiev, in a "Sammelwerk" entitled 'Russen über Russland,' edited by Joseph Melnik and soon to be published by Rütten & Loening, in Frankfort. By special permission, the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung* (*Beilage* No. 253) prints the substance of Trubetzkoy's discussion. It contains a keen analysis and historic survey of the university troubles, dwelling particularly on that unique feature of Russian university life, the "students' strikes," and closes with the conclusion: "The Government itself has produced that chaotic condition in the universities which has developed the vitality and the power of the revolutionary organizations."

An entirely new collection of Bismarck letters is to be published in the near future by the house of Eduard Trewendl, Berlin. These date from the time when he was the representative of Prussia in Frankfurt. The selection was made by Bismarck while he was yet in office, and the correspondence will be edited by Heinrich von Poschinger.

It is becoming more and more evident that the "Posen Academy," which was established about two years ago for the purpose of offering lecture courses in German in the headquarters of Polish Prussia, is destined to become a full-fledged university, its chief purpose being doubtless to constitute a rallying-point for German scholarship and civilization in regions where these are endangered. During the coming winter semester, theological lectures will also be delivered by both the Protestant and the Catholic professors of the neighboring University of Breslau. With this, the beginning of the fourth of the regular university faculties has been made. Hitherto, all lectures have been delivered in rented localities, but appropriations have already been made for new buildings, with an aula seating twelve hundred people.

The University of Chicago Press announces the addition to its list of publications of two new journals, to be devoted to the interests of the ancient classics, viz.: *Classical Philology*, published for the University of Chicago, and the *Classical Journal*, published for the newly-formed Classical Association of the Middle West and South. The former will contain scientific articles and critical reviews; the latter, articles and reviews of a more general nature, with special reference to the needs of teachers.

The larger part of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number ten, is devoted to a discussion of the relations of the warmth of the waters of the inland lakes of Northern and Central Europe to the climate. Attention is called to the proposal to hold a congress

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next year for the purpose of founding an International Association for Polar Exploration. Its object will be to devise means for reaching both poles, as well as to promote expeditions to increase our knowledge of the polar world in every respect. The curriculum of geographical instruction in the German universities for the coming winter semester, occupying nearly six pages, is most interesting and suggestive.

Haiti has awakened to a sense of her need of foreign aid in the development of her rich natural resources. A concession has been granted to two American citizens to construct a railway through the central part of the Republic, connecting Gonaives and Port au Prince. It will pass through the great mineral belt and forests containing some of the finest cabinet wood in the world—mahogany trees from eight to nine feet in diameter, satinwood, ebony, rosewood, and a fine quality of cedar. Authority has also been given to build a road by which there will be a continuous rail route from the capital to the northern coast at Cape Haiti, and opening up a large fruit and cotton-growing district. Our minister, Mr. Powell, reports that this is the most important concession that has ever been granted to foreigners.

President Peirce of Kenyon College, Gambier, O., advises us that the trustees and faculty "have secured a transcript of all the evidence offered at the inquest into the death of Stuart L. Pierson, a freshman at Kenyon College, who was killed by a railroad train on the night of the 28th of October while awaiting his initiation into the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, and are about to publish the same as a complete and sufficient refutation of the coroner's verdict in the case and of the false and calumnious stories circulated concerning the students and authorities of Kenyon College." A copy will be sent to any address upon application to the president's office.

—The first part of the eleventh number of the "Bulletin of the Bureau of Rolls and Library of the Department of State" is a ponderous volume of more than 800 pages, and continues the "Documentary History of the Constitution." It includes papers and letters for the years 1786-1788, taken from the various collections, public and private, in the Department of State, and is intended to carry on the history of the Constitution upon the lines suggested in previous issues of the Bulletin. The plan cannot be considered judicious, and the performance promises to result in one of those formless issues that confuse rather than instruct. It was an excellent idea to print in an accurate manner the Debates in the Convention, the Constitution and amendments, and the formal official documents in which the States recorded their wishes and action. Such material is properly the documentary history of that instrument. In going outside of those papers, and making a collection of letters, or extracts of letters, miscellaneous memoranda, and reports upon matters only indirectly connected, if at all, with the Constitution, a grave error has been committed. About one-half the contents of this volume has appeared in a better form, in the writings of the fathers, where the letters are given in full and not in unrelated parts. Another quarter properly deserves no place in the work, and the remaining one-fourth, printed by itself, would have been a really useful and interesting contribution to the history of the Constitution. This all too bulky volume, without table of contents or index, is an example of what an historical publication should not be, much less a Government document.

—The contents deserve some attention. The arrangement is strictly chronological, even to separating the daily entries of a diary. The papers are drawn from the Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Continental Congress, and other collections, formerly in the Department of State, now in the Library of Congress. The "history" is thus not only limited, but very one-sided in its nature. However prominent Madison was in the Convention and subsequent discussion, his correspondence can give only a partial view. The letters coming to him from others afford a glimpse of what was thought and done in States other than Virginia, but only a glimpse. To complete the history on this extended scale would demand a like collection for each State, including the proceedings of the State conventions, the controversial writings of that time, and, above all, a reprint of the *Federalist*. Such a compilation would not be a proper function of the Bureau, and we can but judge the present volume to be as entirely outside its true function. The almost minute attention to typographical detail is more than offset by the omission of what might, historically, be the more important parts of the letters. A gathering of scraps, like this collection, is unsatisfactory in itself, and discourages a full publication under better conditions. The location of each paper is given, but that location only emphasizes the restricted lines on which the work has been conducted. A note telling where each letter has been published would aid the student in consulting the context, and so enable him to pass upon the selection made.

—Sir Robert Ball has placed the world of lay astronomers again in his debt by his 'Popular Guide to the Heavens' (London: George Philip & Son), with its series of eighty-three plates, accompanied by explanatory text and index. The text is divided into nine separate chapters, and presented where it is most useful, as nearly as possible facing the plates. That such a guide would lose much of its effectiveness if not brought down to date has constantly been kept in mind, and late results of planetary research are embodied, including the orbit of the useful little planet Eros and the newer satellites of Jupiter and Saturn. "It is sometimes a matter of discussion," says the author (p. 10), "how big a planet looks in a telescope of a given magnifying power. By means of this plate the question may be answered. The plate is drawn to such a scale that if it is placed ten feet from the eye, the figures of the planetary disks subtend the same angle as the planets' images themselves, at the corresponding phases, would do when seen in a telescope which gives a magnifying power of 80 diameters." Manifestly a useful plate for clarifying popular conceptions of planetary sizes. But astronomy progresses so rapidly nowadays that a book like this becomes out of date on publication, just as a warship is obsolete before she can be got in readiness for battle. For example, one may not look here for the newest found moons of the great planets, nor for the light thrown on the question of the canals of Mars by recent photographs of them. Douglass's excellent chart of Mars is given, and Barnard's Lick view of Saturn. The sun is exhibited in fine photographs of its spots taken at Greenwich, prominences both during eclipses and without, and various types of the sun's corona. Then we have a few beautiful plates of nebulæ and comets—among them the great comet of 1901—followed by twenty or more plates of the moon, most elaborately portrayed of all the heavenly bodies. Best of all are reproductions of three lunar pictures by Ritchey, late of the Yerkes Observatory, and most successful of all moon photographers. On one of them can be seen everything that the telescope will reveal under *ordinary conditions*. A *feature of especial* value in Sir Robert Ball's 'Guide' is one not elsewhere to be found—a series of tables for popular use by which the lucid planets can be located among the stars at any date this side of 1950. The star charts themselves are of an accurate, little distorted, and serviceable type; a few of the meteor radiants are appropriately marked thereon. Much space is given up to variables, and there is a full list of the new or temporary stars from Tycho to Turner. The work concludes with many singularly perfect photographs of the great nebulæ of the sky by Keeler, Ritchey, and Barnard, and the enigmatic moving nebula surrounding Nova Persei (1901) is shown at varying stages of its wonderful development. On the whole, this is the best work of its character yet published, and was worthy of much more careful proofreading of its text.

—The man who could invent so delightful and suggestive a title for his book as that of "How to be Happy though Married,' would not, on general principles, fail to be interesting when treating of 'John Chinaman at Home' (Charles Scribner's Sons). Under this heading, the Rev. E. J. Hardy, chaplain of H. B. M. forces at Hong Kong, has in thirty chapters sketched men and manners, society, and nature, in a country into which he did not penetrate very far. Wisely abstaining from pretence of scholarship or power of philosophy, he states things as he saw them in most engaging style. With his usual trick of phrase, he lures us on through chapter after chapter of Chinese characteristics, or he takes us on his travels, and points out the things most worthy of attention. When the bride comes to her husband's house and is lifted over the threshold on which charcoal burns in a pan, he is content to show that this use of fire "prevents her bringing evil influence with her," while his previous knowledge, both standard and occult, of the possibilities of joy in wedlock makes his chapter on betrothal and marriage a very lively one. He calls attention to the fact that the ordinary married Chinese woman does not in practice obey her husband much more than does the British, but she must obey her husband's father and mother. Nevertheless, however she may be regarded in theory, the Chinese woman possesses a knack of asserting her-

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self in her own home, despite fist and bamboo. In other lines of inquiry and observation, wherein the author possesses special experience, as, for example, as chaplain, and in seeing others when he himself is supposed not to notice, he is especially interesting. He can tell us about both the outside and the inside of the pagan temple, and also of the missionaries, with whom naturally he has great sympathy. A spicy account of how the Chinese see us closes this fascinating work. To write so readable a book on China, in a vein both sympathetic and critical, is in itself no mean feat. Besides good English, print and paper, there is an index, not of the many bright things said in the text, but of persons and places; and the full-page illustration is liberal in quantity while reinforcing the text.

—Prof. Eugen Kühnemann's 'Schiller' (Munich: Beck) is likely to go down to posterity as the finest and most enduring monument of what the Schiller Centennial of 1905 has added to German life in spiritual energy and insight. Since, in 1844, Karl Hoffmeister for the first time presented a nobly conceived and adequately executed picture of the great idealist, there has been no lack of attempts to rewrite his life. Few of these attempts, however, have led to achievements worthy of Schiller's genius. The biographers were either popular rhetoricians, such as Palleske; or learned philologists, such as Minor; or literary virtuosi, such as Brahm; or they lacked—as, for instance, Weltrich—the sense of form necessary for producing a well-rounded whole. Perhaps the most readable among the more recent of these biographies are the books of Wychgram and Calvin Thomas; but the former is avowedly unoriginal, and the latter is, after all, the work of a man diametrically opposed in temper to Schiller's soaring enthusiasm, and therefore fundamentally removed from genuine appreciation of the best in him. In Eugen Kühnemann, Hoffmeister has found his first worthy successor; in him Schiller has found his great modern interpreter. Here is a man who combines in himself the intellectual keenness of the philosopher with the intuition of the poet, the impulsiveness of the orator, and the equipoise of the historian; a man who has lived with the great shades of the past, and who knows how to make them speak to us; a man to whom literature is one of the highest concerns of life, a revelation of the most elemental strivings of humanity, and who, therefore, in literary history traces the spiritual development of the race. In the hands of such a man literary biography acquires a new meaning; and it is not too much to say that in this Life of Schiller the great dramas, from the "Robbers" to "Tell," and the great lyric effusions, from the "Hymn to Joy" to the "Song of the Bell," for the first time stand out fully and vividly, not only as parts of Schiller's artistic development, but also as parts of the great spiritual movements which form the deepest and most significant note of modern history, and which connect the age of Rousseau and Shelley with that of Ibsen and Tolstoy. If literature were taught in our universities and colleges as this book teaches it, there would be hope for a strong reaction against the overweening influence of the philologist and the "Quellenforscher."

—We have just received a copy of the address read by Dr. B. P. Grenfell before the Egypt Exploration Committee, at their meeting of November 10. It relates to the excavations carried out at Oxyrhynchus by Dr. Hunt and himself, and to their prospective arrangements and publications. Last winter's work is to be described in detail in the forthcoming Archæological Report, and does not receive more than a brief mention. We are told that they dug for nearly four months, and finished clearing the northern part of the site, meeting with considerable success in so doing; on some occasions the yield was so great as to recall the palmy days of 1897. The great mass of papyri are found to belong to the first four centuries of the Christian era, but there is an admixture of earlier and later ones, including some Hebrew and Syriac fragments. As these cannot be later than the fifth century, they are held to be of great palæographical value. The excavators regret that out of the vast number of documents unearthed, many of them lengthy and well-preserved, there are so few classical and theological pieces, and that the Homeric papyri tend to predominate over those of other authors. But, on their own admission, they have been made exacting by past successes, and they are really well pleased on the whole with the results of their last season.

—The greater part of their space is devoted to their new volume, which is to come out in June of next year ('Hibeh Papyri,' Part I.). It will consist of the early Ptolemaic papyri from mummy cartonnage found at Hibeh in 1902. Among the more important of the new classical pieces are some tragic fragments, probably from the "Tyro" and "Oineus" of Sophocles, a comic fragment of sixty-eight lines, probably by Menander, and one by his contemporary, Philemon, from the play on which Plautus based his "Aulularia." Greek oratory is represented by some pieces from Lysias's speech against Theozotides, and philosophy by a discussion of Democritus's theory as to the constitution of the sea, to be assigned in all probability to Aristotle's successor, Theophrastus. Under the head of fragments from extant works are pieces from Euripides's "Alcestis," "Iphigeneia in Tauris," and "Electra," some three hundred lines from the treatise on Rhetoric addressed to Alexander, once ascribed to Aristotle, but now to Anaximenes, and several early Ptolemaic fragments from eight books of the Iliad and one of the Odyssey. These latter are specially important, as they throw additional light on the disputed question of the Homeric texts. Among non-literary papyri the first place is held by an astronomical calendar for Sais in about 300 B. C., with an introduction explaining the principles on which it is composed. The other documents include official and private letters, reports, contracts, tax-receipts, accounts, etc. This is the last time for the excavators to return to Oxyrhynchus. It is more than doubtful whether after this season they will be enabled to clear another town site, or (as they would prefer) to search for early Ptolemaic cartonnage like that found at Hibeh. The fact is that the Græco-Roman branch cannot afford excavations every year on its present income. If it were not for the contributions of various academical bodies (Magdalen and Queen's College, Oxford, and Trinity College, Dublin, have each given £50), it would not be possible to pay for the digging of the Roman mounds this winter and the publication of the Hibeh volume.

RECENT POETRY.

Some years ago there was published a "collected edition" of the poems of William Watson. With this volume the lovers of that sculpturesque poet—and they are many—were far from content. Many favorite pieces were rejected by Mr. Watson's fastidious self-criticism, and the arrangement was not always happy. Now, however, we have in 'The Poems of William Watson' in two volumes (The John Lane Co.) an edition that is nearly all that could be wished. The poems to be included have been selected and arranged by Mr. J. A. Spender, who has certainly been of service to the poet in considering, in the phrase of the introduction, "whether the poem in question falls into the general scheme, whether it illustrates the writer's thought and style, or the development of his thought and style—whether, in short, it lends itself to the total effect." The selection is fuller than in the previous collection, the arrangement simpler and more effective. Mr. Watson, with his admirable conscience and capacity in "lapidarian toil," has taken advantage of this opportunity to bestow many touches of creative revision upon his work. The result is a collection of poetry producing a "total effect" of classic finish, with much of classic simplicity, and something of classic strength; as promising a candidate for poetic length of days as this age has to show.

This is not the place to attempt an elaborate appreciation of Mr. Watson's fine achievement. Yet something must be said of the singularly clear and consistent impression of his quality that is conveyed through the reading of his work in this new selection and arrangement. Perhaps the first striking trait of Mr. Watson's poetry is its remarkable saliency of unerring phrase. "The strong, splenetic North," "the wizard twilight Coleridge knew," "an old and iterative world"—his work is jewelled with such felicities, but so close is the texture of the whole that the gems of phrase are not easily detachable. Yet there is a valid point of view from which such writing as this will seem not so much poetry as the perfection of imaginative criticism, of prose style. There is an impersonality of perfection in his rhetoric that is a little chilling to a century that has felt the subtle flame of Shelley and the romantic ardors of Keats, and known the heat of the furnace wherein Browning's gods and gargoyles were forged. One wonders, perhaps a little fantastically, whether if Watson had lived in the days of Queen Anne he might not have written such brilliant prose as Pope clipped into couplets, and whether if Pope had lived after the Romantics and Darwin he might not have been such another as Watson.

Masterly rhetoric, however, is but a superficial side of Mr. Watson's art. Beneath the verbal distinction of his style, beneath the limpid, cool cadence of his line,

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beneath his harmonies of structure, there is a glow of poetic inspiration that merits, better than that of any other living poet, the high adjective Virgilian. He never has the fine frenzy, the rolling eye, of the Sapphic singer, and his least successful pieces are those in which he has tentatively endeavored to stimulate it. Yet, as the youthful poem "The Prince's Quest," which is included in the present edition, amply shows, he is no stranger to that world of romance and wonder and dream to which the modern mood owes so much. If, in the face of the disconcerting trend of modern thought and life, a poetic tone of sadness and reserve or ironic humor has seemed the better part, something of the dream has persisted. Through his lucid lines runs a human pity, an aspiration towards national righteousness, that touch the reader at last with a peculiar poignancy. Among his contemporaries he is best characterized by the line wherein old Cowley "placed" the Mantuan,

"Whose verse walks highest but not flies."

Among American poets the one most comparable to Mr. Watson in dignity of tone, in the seriousness wherewith the old cause of poesy is upheld, in a continuous attention to the national life of men, is Mr. Richard Watson Gilder. If his work lacks that last touch of restrained perfection which makes Mr. Watson's poetry of so enduring a texture, if his poetic thought is a little less penetrating and consecutive, he has in compensation a freshness of love for natural beauty and a gift of wistful melody, that are distinctive. In his last volume, 'In the Heights' (The Century Co.), despite the presence of some clever impromptus and sonorous occasional poems, the tone of the whole is of a more elegiac cadence than we have been accustomed to expect. Yet, not overlooking Mr. Gilder's admirable performance in odes and inscriptions, he is at his characteristic best precisely in such very personal pieces in a minor key as "Music in Darkness":

I.

At the dim end of day
I heard the great musician play:
Saw her white hands now slow, now swiftly pass;
Where gleamed the polished wood, as in a glass,
The shadow hands repeating every motion.
Then did I voyage forth on music's ocean,
Visiting many a sad or joyful shore,
Where storming breakers roar,
Or singing birds made music so intense,—
So intimate of happiness or sorrow,—
I scarce could courage borrow
To hear those strains: well-nigh I hurried thence
To escape the intolerable weight
That on my spirit fell when sobbed the music:
Late, too late, too late,
While slow withdrew the light
And, on the lyric tide, came in the night.

II.

So grew the dark, enshrouding all the room
In a melodious gloom,
Her face growing viewless; line by line
Her swaying form did momently decline
And was in darkness lost.
Then white hands ghostly turned, though still they tost
From tone to tone; pauseless and sure as if in perfect light;
With blind, instinctive, most miraculous sight,
On, on they sounded in that world of night.

III.

Ah, dearest one; was this thy thought, as mine,
As still the music stayed?
"So shall the loved ones fade,—
Feature by feature, line on lovely line;
For all our love, alas,
From twilight into darkness shall they pass!
We in that dark shall see them never more,
But from our spirits they shall not be banished,—
For on and on shall the sweet music pour
That was the soul of them, the loved, the vanquished;
And we who listen shall not lose them quite
In that mysterious night."

Though not escaping the calamities of injudicious praise, the new edition of Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson's 'The Children of the Night' (Scribners) is a very pleasant little book. No minor poet of the day is less indebted to poetic conventionalisms than Mr. Robinson, or more securely himself. His literary obligations are for impulses not for patterns, and always in wholesome quarters—witness this fine sonnet on Crabbe:

Give him the darkest inch your shelf allows,
Hide him in lonely garrets, if you will—
But his hard, human pulse is throbbing still
With the sure strength that fearless truth endows,
In spite of all fine science disavows.
Of his plain excellence and stubborn skill
There yet remains what fashion cannot kill,
Though years have thinned the laurel from his brows.

Whether or not we read him, we can feel
From time to time the vigor of his name
Against us like a finger for the shame
And emptiness of what our souls reveal
In books that are as altars where we kneel
To consecrate the flicker, not the flame.

One of the most characteristic and striking of Mr. Robinson's gifts is his way of coining musical and suggestive names fo. his poetic characters—Luke Havergal, John Evereldown, Richard Cory, Aaron Stark, Cliff Klingenhagen, Fleming Helphenstine, Reuben Bright—each is a perfect symbol and almost a poem in itself, and they cling potently to the memory. Something of the same haunting individuality pervades all of Mr. Robinson's work, and makes it, even when least poetic, of a curious vividness.

A memorial volume of an unusually pleasant quality is the 'Poems of Arthur Macy' (W. B. Clarke). Mr. Macy was essentially the poet of good-fellowship. If such an impulse does not produce, in his own phrase, "Poetry with a big P," yet, when it is informed with a genuine warmth of sentiment, a Thackerayan humor, and a mellow morality, and is expressed with a clean music of phrase, it does possess a very comfortable and lasting appeal. The quality of Mr. Macy's work will be sufficiently evident in these stanzas of "The Old Café":

"Ah, those nights divine!
The simple, frugal wine,
The airs on crude Italian strings,
The joyous, harmless revellings,
Just fit for us—or kings!
At times a quaint and wickered flask
Of rare Chianti, or from the homelier cask
Of modest Pilsener a stein or so,
Amid the merry talk would flow;
Or red Bordeaux
From vines that grew where dear Montaigne
Held his domain.
And you remember that dark eye,
None too shy;
In fact, she seemed a bit too free
For you and me.
You know,
Don't you, Joe?" . . .

"And when we talked of books,
How learned were our looks!
And few the bards we could not quote,
From gay Catullus' lines to Milton's purer note.
Mayhap we now are wiser men,
But we knew more than all the scholars then;
And our conceit
Was grand, ineffable, complete!
We know,
Don't we, Joe?

"Gone are those golden nights
Of innocent Bohemian delights,
And we are getting on;
And anon
Years sad and tremulous
May be in store for us;
But should we ever meet
Upon some quiet street,
And you discover in an old man's eye
Some transient sparkle of the days gone by,
Then you will guess, perchance,
The meaning of the glance;
You'll know,
Won't you, Joe?"

Another memorial volume, of a curiously different character, is 'The Poems of Trumbull Stickney' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The book is edited with a wealth of piety and a rather conspicuous poverty of taste by George Cabot Lodge, William Vaughn Moody, and John Ellerton Lodge. It is unfortunate that a young poet who was held before all else to be a Hellenist should be represented by many unfinished and imperfect pieces, and should be continually referred to as "STICKNEY" in small capitals. As a matter of fact, Mr. Stickney's Hellenism rarely partook of the classic spirit; it was rather of a romantic and wistful temper, and had more affinity with the "Celtic twilight" than with the bright outlines of Hellenic art. This, however, is by way of definition rather than criticism, Mr. Stickney had very rare and individual gifts of passionate imagination; had he lived and been able to attain to a mastery of form and of syntax, he would undoubtedly have been a poet to reckon with. The intensity of his talent can be, perhaps, no more adequately presented than in the little "dramatic fragment," suggestive of Blake, with which the volume concludes—a fragment which may well give the critic pause:

"Sir, say no more.
Within me 'tis as if
The green and climbing eyesight of a cat
Crawled near my mind's poor birds."

As an elegist in verse Mr. George Cabot Lodge avoids the indiscretions into which he fell as an editor. The twenty-five sonnets to the memory of Mr. Stickney which, under the heading "Death," make the third department of 'The Great Adventure' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), are admirably free from the cheaper trappings of the poetic lament, and are marked by a noble sincerity. Mr. Lodge is so able in the handling of the big, slow-rolling, sonorous word that he sometimes uses one a little *loosely, or in an awkward position*, and so dissipates somewhat of the energy of his conception; but for the most part there is a passionate rush to his thought that makes even a sesquipedalian—or a solecism—carry home. Nevertheless, a young poet so capable of passion owes it to himself to spare no pains in mastering the tedious details that concur to perfection, and not to chafe at the sackcloth of austere self-criticism that must lie under the singing robes of the true poet. Mr. Lodge is at his best in such strains as this:

Still on his grave, relentless, one by one,
They fall as fell the mystic, Sibylline
Sad leaves, and still the Meaning's secret sign
Dies undeciphered with each dying sun.
How shall the burning heart of Truth be won?
Whence shall the light of revelation shine?
When shall the mind's discernment grow divine?
Where shall the soul's immortal deeds be done?
What were the incommunicable things
Whereof his dying eyes were undismayed?
What were the words that stirred his strangling breath?
Sharply the night's impenetrable wings

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Covered his eyes, and on his lips was laid
The inveterate taciturnity of Death!

'The Collected Sonnets' of Lloyd Mifflin (Henry Frowde) is a stately octavo volume of nearly four hundred pages that a little suggests Thackeray's well-known cartoon of Ludovicus Rex. Mr. Mifflin is at his best in the sonnet form. The restraint of the structure prevents him from falling very often into the too effusive sentimentality which we recently had occasion to note in speaking of a volume of his lyrics. Yet even here there are too many lines like

"At parting, pales pathetically pink,"

that give evidence of the indulgence of an ill-disciplined taste, and there is a lack of the weight that may be imparted to a volume of sonnets by a sprinkling of pieces expressing some moral indignation or high resolve. A little of Mr. Lodge's sincerity of passion would have helped Mr. Mifflin's book. Yet no recent collection of verse has been more instinct with the poetic love of beauty or has shown more ability at communicating it in verse. The two principal domains of Mr. Mifflin's Muse are the worlds of classical poetry and natural loveliness. Of the first this sonnet is typical:

Immortal laurel of no growth terrene,
Gather, ye Muses, in Olympian air:
'Tis for a shepherd, loved of Pan, to wear;
Behold him lying on the headland green
That juts above the sea in this demesne,
As still as sculptured marble, and as fair.
Ye will not wake him if ye crown him there;
Wreathe him the while he seems to sleep serene.
The syrinx now lies useless by his head. . . .
Was that a sigh within the cypress near?
Oh, soft, ye Muses!—softly round him tread,
Bring all your late reluctant garlands here:
Relax your haughty mien; ye need not fear
To crown this Dorian now—for he is dead!

Of the second, this:

Beloved Fields! from out your pure domains
Floats music softer than from viol strings;
Better the warbling of your feathered things
Than all the rolling organ's deep refrains;
What prima donna trills such liquid strains
As yon brown meadow-lark, that floating sings
Above her nest on slow-descending wings,
With plaintive sweetness that the soul enchains?
Not hers alone, but myriad notes there are
Too sweet for telling, where all sounds are sweet:
The delicate footfalls of the showery rains;
The breezes rustling o'er the sea-green wheat;
The murmurous voices, faintly heard and far,
Of children gathering cherries in the lanes.

It is a fair question whether, after all, the chief business of the minor poet nowadays is not the production of magazine verse. It is certain that only in the magazines is he secure of a market and a hearing, and we suspect that the total idealizing influence of the hundreds of pieces that find their way each month into the magazines has been under rather than overestimated by those who have written about it. For a score of years no American poet has contributed more constantly to the best magazines than John Vance Cheney, and none has been more uniformly conscientious in workmanship and poetic in tone. The selected collection of his 'Poems' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is remarkable for its variety and readability. Mr. Cheney is in the main a poet of the fancy rather than of the imagination; occasionally he lets the fanciful lead him a little too far from the solid earth, yet his approach to life and to Nature is always marked by an individual flavor of ideality, and his expression is always musical and sometimes memorable. The range of his qualities is hinted in the effectiveness of these two dissimilar pieces:

TOAD.

I'm just about the color of mud,
I've a bobby mouth and a knobby back;
I bundle away, I tumble and thud,
I lack the knack of walking a crack.

I sit and think at the chink of my hole—
Nothing like flies for a plump, buff belly—
I rather reckon I haven't any soul,
Though I'm not altogether pebbles and jelly.

As soon as the roses I smell the rain,
I wink one eye when two wouldn't do;
I pad my ribs, and I don't complain.
I'm toad, but no toady—How about you?

THE ISLES OF QUIET.

The Isles of Quiet lie beyond the years.
Hoar prophets say it; yet, for all the tears,
I doubt the saying of the seers.

I think that whoso seeks them here shall find;
That all with open, patient heart and mind
Shall drink of peace from sun and wind;

Shall make their own the hymn of rest begun
When shadows say the summer day is done,
And sky and field are growing one.

Idler the fancy, closer it may cling;
Yet I believe the wide air's murmuring,
The sweet far song the thrushes sing.

It is a great pity that Mr. James Whitcomb Riley's publishers should persist in vulgarizing verse so fine as his by cheap and silly illustrations. In his latest volume, 'Songs o' Cheer' (The Bobbs Merrill Co.) Mr. Riley's poetry seems to have fallen under the evil spell of his embellishments. The pictures fail to effect the old starry sublimation of the commonplace that gave his early volumes an appeal so tender and pervasive. There is nothing in the book better than the little poem wherewith it closes:

Dear Lord! kind Lord!
Gracious Lord! I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love
Tenderly to-day!
Weed their hearts of weariness;
Scatter every care
Down a wake of angel-wings
Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing
All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
Overflow again;
And with all the needy
O divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content
That is mine to-day!

'A Southern Flight,' by Frank Dempster Sherman and Clinton Scollard (G. W. Browning), contains no piece quite at the highest level of either of its authors. There is somewhat too much of sweet in it, but it is full of melody and pretty imagery. "A Florida Night," by Mr. Scollard, is a fair sample of its quality.

The slender new moon seems as frail
As thin ice 'twixt November reeds;
A bird-note from a distant swale
Mounts and recedes.

A wan moth dips across the dusk
Like a magnolia's ghost, and then,
Amid the scent of rose and musk,
Is gone again.

The dews gleam beryl-wise; you come,
Your hair caught up in amber strands,
Life's bliss—its whole ecstatic sum—
In your white hands!

'Songs of America, and Other Poems,' by Edna Dean Proctor (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a collection chiefly of patriotic pieces conceived with an admirable seriousness of mood, and elaborate with a good command of poetic materials, but without any very fresh distinction of inspiration. Some of the best things in the volume are among the "other poems." As is so often the case with minor poets, Miss Proctor is at her best poetically in writing of other poets. These stanzas to Emerson have perhaps more of melody and of imagination than anything else in the volume:

Monadnock calls the winds from peak to sea—
The clarion north wind and the full-choired west—
And bids the streams their cliff-born melody
Blend with the airy chants above his rest;
And wakes the pines to hymn his hundred years
In the weird symphonies he loved so well;
And listens—if perchance from starry spheres
Some echo of a kindred song should swell.

Poet whose lofty quest no creed could bar;
To whom the secret springs of life were known;
One with the wild rose and the evening star;
The mountain and the mart alike thy throne;
For thee, from Nature's myriad voices now
And the deep heart of man, ascends a pæan;
Pan was not closer to the earth than thou,
Nor Plato nearer to the empyrean!

The fall season's dramatic verse includes specimens of intelligent workmanship and sincere poetic feeling, but no piece of true dramatic quality or poetic distinction. "The Baglioni," by Henry Lane Eno (Moffat, Yard & Co.), is a bloody tragedy of the Renaissance, cast a little in the late Elizabethan manner. It is worth reading, if one has the time, as a vivacious portrayal of the Renaissance mood. "The City," by Arthur Upson, (Macmillan), has something of the cool charm that springs from the imitation of Greek models, together with appeal that inheres in a Christian theme. It never, however, attains any considerable tragic power. Mr. Bayard Boyesen's "The Marsh" (Badger) is a piece of rather shadowy symbolism, which has, withal, a continuity of poetic atmosphere that is distinctly of promise. Perhaps the most considerable of the dramas in verse which we have before us is the "Alcestis," by Sara King Wiley (Macmillan). Mrs. Drummond's treatment of the fable has no very novel features, but she has realized its mood very vividly, and made of it a compact and moving little drama.

BOOKS ON ART.

Professor Santayana's 'Reason in Art' (Scribners) is the fourth volume of "The Life of Reason," and is rather a work of philosophy than a book on art or even on æsthetics. The bewildered student of painting and sculpture, who is accustomed to look at concrete things, finds its abstractions and its dialect strange to him, and is likely to get little good out of it. Its philosophy may be admirable, but is unintelligible to one not a trained metaphysician, and its style seems constantly on the verge of a lucidity which as constantly proves elusive. Unfitness to understand it must be our excuse for the inadequacy of this notice, which may serve, however, to warn those generally or specially interested in art that it is not for them.

For such readers the most important book of the season is Mr. Isham's 'History of American Painting' (Macmillan), which has been looked forward to with interest for some time. Those of his acquaintance have long known Mr. Isham's exceptional fitness for his task. Himself a painter of respec-

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table achievement and equipped with the necessary technical knowledge and the painter's point of view, he is also a man of unusual breadth of vision and of sympathy, of keen intellect and sound judgment, kindly of temper and with a genial humor, altogether honest, quite without jealousy, and as nearly without prejudice or bias as is possible to human nature. These qualities have made him an almost ideal member of exhibition juries, and, in addition to a mastery of clear, if somewhat colloquial, English, have fitted him better than any one else to write this book. It was expected to be good; it is even better than was expected. Though it has been some time in execution, it is not without marks of haste. The leisure hours of a painter in the active practice of his profession are not many. Therefore, there are here and there faults of proportion and perspective and slips of style which further revision would have eliminated; but these are of minor importance, and do not affect the value of the book.

The earlier chapters were, of course, the easier to write. The first American painters were of little importance to art in general, however important to us, and there is little need for criticism of them; but their lives were often picturesque, and the rather abundant anecdotes concerning some of them throw a vivid light on the conditions surrounding them—conditions which amply explain their failure to produce anything very valuable as art. So it is proper enough that the amount of space accorded to the treatment of the individual artist should sometimes seem to be in inverse proportion to the merit of his production. But it is in the later and more difficult chapters that Mr. Isham is at his best. To give something like a general view of the enormous contemporary development of American painting; to distinguish clearly the very varied talents of our painters, giving some notion of the peculiar excellences of each; to avoid monotony of praise and the perfunctoriness of the catalogue, and to avoid, equally, any cause of offence to living and working men, friends, acquaintances, colleagues of the author—such were the difficulties with which he has contended, on the whole, victoriously. The book is interesting to read now, and should prove of great value in the future. In its material get-up it is, to our taste, rather an ugly one, neither paper, print, nor binding being in the finest taste; but it has a wealth of well-chosen and generally well-executed illustrations.

Two books which it is inevitable that one should bracket together are Russell Sturgis's 'The Appreciation of Pictures' (The Baker & Taylor Co.), and Caffin's 'How to Study Pictures' (The Century Co.), for they are identical in purpose and intended for the gratification of the same appetite—the apparently illimitable appetite of the American public for formal instruction on matters of art. Mr. Sturgis is far better equipped as a critic than Mr. Caffin, having a wide first-hand knowledge of the subject and opinions of his own to express, while Mr. Caffin writes, mainly, as a compiler, taking his opinions ready-made where he can find them, and occasionally blundering in their interpretation in a way that would be impossible to Mr. Sturgis. And yet, in some ways, Mr. Caffin has produced the more satisfactory book of the two. He has shown shrewdness and *flair* in the selection of his authorities; and, as some one has written well on nearly every artist, he has been able to say pretty nearly the right and essential thing about each picture he treats of. Mr. Sturgis, writing his own opinions, occasionally gives us something new and therefore valuable; but when he treats of artists whose work is not particularly interesting to him, he is a little perfunctory, while he is always inconclusive and a trifle vague and incidental. There is never any doubt what Mr. Caffin is driving at, or of the relevance of what are pretty nearly quotations from the best available sources. There is often some doubt of what Mr. Sturgis would be at, or as to whether his remarks, however good in themselves, have any bearing on his general purpose. Mr. Sturgis's book is much the more stimulating to one already possessing some knowledge of the subject; Mr. Caffin's will perhaps be more useful to the beginner. Both will help in the spreading of some notion of what art is.

'The Art of the Venice Academy,' by Mary Knight Potter (L. C. Page & Co.), is a book of a kind that is becoming rather frequent, and the exact uses of which are obscure to us. If intended for consultation in the gallery itself, we can see no need of the long descriptions of pictures which are necessarily uninteresting and leave little room for criticism. If meant as an aid to memory, then every picture should be described, however briefly. If the history of schools and the criticism of particular works are the main issue, it had been better to disregard the accidental preservation in one place of the pictures to be discussed. However, this particular volume is well enough for its class. It is encouraging to perceive, from its pages, that Veronese is beginning to be treated, even in popular books of this kind, with something like the respect he deserves.

'Franciscan Legends in Art,' by Emma Gurney Salter (E. P. Dutton & Co.), deals far more with St. Francis than with art, and its interest will be for others than artists or art-students. We have found it rather dry reading from any point of view, but doubtless there are those who can profit by the information it conveys.

The increasing number of "series" of lives of artists under one or another general title involves ever new biographies of men whose lives have been already thoroughly written. Now and then, however, an artist less exhaustively treated of falls into the hands of a writer peculiarly fitted to deal with him, and the result is a book worth writing. Such is G. F. Hill's 'Pisanello' (London: Duckworth; New York: Scribners). We cannot altogether agree with Mr. Hill's estimate of the importance, as a painter, of Vittore Pisano—to give him his true name—but he was indubitably the greatest of medallists; and, indeed, the essential simplicity of sculpture in any form and the medallist's art in particular, and the consequent early ripening of this art in comparison with that of painting, are shown nowhere more clearly than in the way in which the equipment of a very primitive painter, and not the greatest of primitives, was precisely that of the prince of medallists; the art declining in the hands of his successors while the art of painting was developing to its most splendid triumphs. Though it is proved that Pisanello did exercise some real influence as a painter, it was by no means comparable to that of some of his contemporaries. It is his medals that interest us, and of them we were sure of a scholarly and interesting account from Mr. Hill.

'The Life of Constable,' by M. Sturge Henderson, in the same series, on the other hand, owes its existence solely to the exigency of its environment. It is well enough done, but there was no great necessity of doing it at all, and there is nothing in it that is not readily enough to be found elsewhere. Its most striking note is that of reaction against the perhaps excessive praise of Constable that has been common in recent criticism. Mr. Henderson sees in him a painter of genius, not without grave faults; whose influence has been less decisive than has sometimes been supposed.

Mr. W. L. Wyllie's Life of Turner, in "The British Artists' Series." (London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan), is a disappointing book. In his preface, Mr. Wyllie apologizes for adding another to the seven lives already existing, and confesses that he "has not the pen of a ready writer," but suggests that "an artist should be better able to distinguish and note the influences and beauties, the difficulties and limitations of another artist's work than a critic or a teller of tales." Unfortunately, his lack of experience as a writer has outweighed his technical competence as a painter, and while occasional bits show knowledge of painting and, above all, common sense, the book as a whole is rambling, ill-constructed, and inconsequent. The habit of introducing, every page or two, long lists of works exhibited for the year under consideration is particularly irritating, especially as all this information is tabulated in a catalogue at the end, where it belongs. On the whole, one will get little except from the abundant illustrations, which include a number of apparently literal transcripts from real scenes—things unexpected from Turner and often refreshing—and several reproductions in color of major works of the late manner. These last are, of course, not irreproachable, but they will give many persons an idea of Turner's intention quite unattainable from black-and-white illustrations.

That most magniloquent and inefficient of painters, B. R. Haydon, can hardly interest any mortal to-day as an artist, but he knew some of the most important people in the England of his time, including Wordsworth and Keats, who both embalmed his name in their verse, and there is a psychological interest in the study of his megalomania. So there may be a welcome for Mr. George Paston's 'Haydon and his Friends' (Dutton), from a public unfamiliar with the Autobiography, edited by Tom Taylor, from which the present volume is largely derived. Of Haydon's work at his best it is difficult to form a conception. Those who care to study it at his worst may find his "Napoleon Musing at St. Helena" in the Metropolitan Museum.

There seems no more need for a new life of Reynolds than for new lives of Turner and Constable, but a new life of Reynolds Mr. William B. Boulton has felt moved to give us (Dutton). Mr. Boulton is a thick-and-thin admirer of Sir Joshua's character as well as of his work, and perhaps it was

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the feeling that Sir Walter Armstrong had been a little hard on the Knight of Plympton that prompted the present volume. He will hear nothing of any coldness of heart in his hero, or of any other failing, even the slightest. He finds infinite pathos in the baldest memoranda of the pocket-books, and discerns everywhere a nature as lovable as it was undoubtedly admirable. The only thing he regrets is that the Discourses were ever written, with their apparent contradiction of the practice of their author.

In this respect his view is diametrically opposed to that of Mr. Roger Fry, who thinks that Reynolds's Discourses are still admirable criticism, and need only to be disembarrassed of some misunderstandings, due to an antiquated method, to appeal more strongly to the artist of to-day than to the intermediate generations—the generations of revolt. He has had the excellent idea of reprinting the Discourses with notes and illustrations, and the new edition is brought out by the publishers of Mr. Boulton's biography. Mr. Fry's contributions, whether in the shape of contradiction, reinforcement, or explanation, are always able and intelligent, and the reproductions of pictures mentioned by Reynolds, often unfamiliar to this generation, and of others which illustrate in a general way his disquisition, are an illuminating addition. Those to whom our modern essays in great decorative painting have brought the conviction that there is, after all, something like "the grand style," may care to reread Reynolds, and to those who do care to reread him, this edition may be recommended. To us the rereading has brought the conviction that the one artist of the nineteenth century who most consistently practised the grand style, and whose way of working and thinking most exactly coincides with that taught and praised by Sir Joshua, is one whose subject-matter would, likely enough, have seemed to the President of the Royal Academy contemptible; we mean the painter of peasants, Jean François Millet.

SIX NOVELS.

The Carlyles. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. D. Appleton & Co.

The Northerner. By Norah Davis. The Century Co.

The Romance of the Milky Way, and Other Studies and Stories. By Lafcadio Hearn. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In the Land of the Gods. By Alice Mabel Bacon. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Contrite Hearts. By Herman Bernstein. A. Wessels Co.

The Sa-'Zada Tales. By W. A. Fraser. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Reminiscences of Virginia in war time have formed the substance of many of Mrs. Harrison's stories, none of which reproduce her impressions of those sorrowful days more vividly than does her latest novel, 'The Carlyles.' The opening chapters describe the South in her death-throe, the evacuation of Richmond and surrender at Appomattox. And the implication (by overzealous detectives) of Col. Launcelot Carlyle in the conspiracy to murder President Lincoln carries an historical interest to the end. The Carlyles and most of those who share their vicissitudes are not of this present day and generation. They are old-fashioned gentlefolk, simple, yet rather stately, gracious in prosperity, and proud enough to face dire calamities without a whimper. Perhaps old Virginia was not so thickly populated with the brave, loving, and true as her literary children believe; but to have created the accepted tradition, the instinct of society must have been good, and social relations established on admirable principles. To a modern society, based on self-interest and self-advertisement, a picture of life actually conducted with deference to fine ideals may appear futile, even ludicrous. The day may come when it shall be altogether legendary, when a radiant being made up with the charms and virtues of Monimia Carlyle and her honorable sisters *de race* shall live as the heroine of a national epic. To-day the real is still recognizable in Monimia, and many are still alive to sympathize with her as with one of their own flesh and blood. As a contrasting figure to the gentle and faithful Monimia, Molly Ball, a notorious Confederate spy, is effective. She is of that never extinct Amazon brood that springs from sleep at the trumpet's call, and finds scope for energies unsuspected in times of peace. Her post-bellum adventures in Europe afford a glimpse of Paris in the late sixties, and of the motley, tinkling court of the Second Empire. Mrs. Harrison's drama, on the whole, rather escapes control. The several parts, though not unrelated, are not smoothly connected, and, in the later chapters, the charming heroine is seriously neglected for metal less attractive.

From all accounts the lot of a strenuous Northerner in a Southern town is often a most unhappy one. The 'Northerner,' Mr. Gregory Falls, whose trials as manager of the Power and Passenger Company of Adairville, Ala., are narrated at length by Norah Davis, was so venomously persecuted that after a long, hard fight, he was obliged to abandon his experiment, and could even rejoice that he escaped with his life. The author's erratic way of skipping between business and pleasure makes it doubtful whether society ruined Mr. Falls, the "electric man," or whether social suspicion and ostracism resulted from contempt for his occupation. Probably it was a case of action and reaction. What comes out clearly is that an honest, courageous, educated man was annoyed and swindled by a band of ignorant, unscrupulous ruffians; snubbed and slandered by silly women. It may be hoped that Adairville is not a typical Southern town, but an exceptionally benighted one. The novel affords intrinsic evidence that Mr. Falls's experience is not an imagined one, and that the author belongs to Dixie. The heroine, Joan Adair, has some of the grace of the old South, with an independent mind and combative spirit added to distinctly feminine charms and virtues. The serious questions of the Northerner are vigorously stated, and some characters and scenes very forcibly presented. The construction is bad, and there is a lot of tiresome talk. One is often uncertain about what is being done, and why and by whom. The author seems to assume in the reader an understanding of conditions equal to her own, and an intimacy with the inhabitants of Adairville beginning, like her own, at birth. In consequence, the poor reader flounders through the book in a state of confusion and despair similar to that of a stranger thrust into a circle where each man addresses the other by his Christian name, and where the talk is exclusively local and domestic.

To have had their myths and legends introduced to the English-speaking world by Lafcadio Hearn in itself constitutes a claim for the Japanese to be regarded as a fortunate people. It may be believed that he made Japan his home not only because the people attracted his sympathy and imagination, but because they afforded the best subjects he had found to write about—subjects most suited to his delicate and careful style. He thought a great deal of his style, and seldom wasted it on unresponsive material. 'The Romance of the Milky Way' is both an interesting study in folk-lore and a charming fairy tale, and the last passage beautifully illustrates subject inspiring style and style elevating subject:

"Perhaps the legend of Tanabata, as it was understood by those old poets, can make but a faint appeal to Western minds. Nevertheless, in the silence of transparent nights, before the rising moon, the charm of the ancient tale sometimes descends upon me, out of the scintillant sky—to make me forget the monstrous facts of science and the stupendous horror of Space. Then I no longer behold the Milky Way as that awful Ring of the Cosmos, whose hundred million suns are powerless to lighten the Abyss, but as the very Amanogawa itself—the River Celestial. I see the thrill of its shining stream, and the mists that hover along its verge, and the water-grasses that bend in the winds of autumn. White Orihimé I see at her starry loom, and the Ox that grazes on the farther shore; and I know that the falling dew is the spray from the Herdsman's oar. And the heaven seems very near and warm and human; and the silence about me is filled with the dream of a love unchanging, immortal—forever yearning and forever young and forever left unsatisfied by the paternal wisdom of the gods."

Besides the Milky Way, the volume contains a chapter on "Goblin Poetry," with some examples in the original and in translation, several folk-tales, an interesting letter from Tokyo in war time, and (unexpected conjunction) a tribute to Herbert Spencer, called "Ultimate Questions." The passages in this chapter on the terror of Space, felt by both Spencer and Hearn, further illustrate the author's keen sense for the subjects he could make the most of.

In the preface to a volume of stories of Japan entitled 'In the Land of the Gods,' Miss Bacon refers her readers, for a "fuller understanding of the mysteries touched upon in this volume" to the works of Lafcadio Hearn, feeling herself but a stranger on the threshold of the land he had entered and possessed. Yet her book needs no apology. Her desire is to illustrate the spiritual force of the Japanese and to show their belief in the continuance of life after physical death. For this purpose she narrates folk-tales and tales told to her as true, which, while subserving her chief intention, depict modern life, including even stories of the recent war. All are worth telling, extremely well told, and full of interest both for children and for their elders.

'Contrite Hearts' is a simple, affecting tale of Russian-Jewish life. To people who take their religion lightly, there is something very foreign, almost incredible,

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in the representation of a community whose every act has reference to its faith. Yet Mr. Bernstein's story of the Lampert family, born and bred in poverty, and pursued by unmerited disaster, brings home to understanding and belief the reality of life lived, as it were, in the actual presence, under the very eye, of God. America is the promised land, the Zion, of the Lamperts and their kin, and one feels that, after cruel separation, a reunion even in a tenement on East Broadway is justly an occasion for rejoicing and looking forward to happiness.

Since Mr. Kipling wrote the 'Jungle Stories,' the talking beast or bird has been much the fashion; he has moved on from an ancient and honorable position in fairy-lore to a questionable place in presumably more veracious literature. A man may not become witty or wise by the device of uttering himself through the mouth of a monkey or a cockatoo; on the contrary, he may the more easily reveal himself as a mere chatterer. Such misfortune has not, however, overtaken the author of 'Sa-'Zada Tales,' who, though not a brilliant story-teller, is interesting, and apparently knows a great deal about the creatures that he presents to us. Children especially may be both amused and instructed by the night-talks in 'Sa-'Zada's "Animal City," and cannot fail to be delighted with the excellent portraits of the furred and feathered guests invited to the "swarry."

The Silken East: A Record of Life and Travel in Burma. By V. C. Scott O'Connor, Comptroller of Assam. With 400 illustrations, including 20 colored plates by J. R. Middleton, Mrs. Otway Wheeler Cuffe, and Saya Chone. Two volumes. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1905.

We had always supposed that the Silken East was China, but Mr. O'Connor reminds us at frequent intervals that his title is not inappropriately bestowed upon a land whose village peasants go clad in serica and whose "silken tread" is softly heard on every side. In these bepictured volumes the author really gives, as he says it is his hope to do, a vital impression and living picture of the most picturesque province of the British Empire. Perhaps, considering how westernized is the Japan of to-day, one is even justified in saying that Burma is the most picturesque country remaining for the Western traveller to visit. Mr. O'Connor evidently thinks so, and the present work seems to substantiate such a claim. It is one of impressions for the most part, only enough history and geography being introduced to orient the stranger. Under the author's skilful hand, the reader becomes, as it were, a traveller by proxy. He starts with Rangoon, studies its streets and monuments, then voyages over the long course, nine hundred miles, of the Irawady, and so reaches and explores its greatest tributary. After these views of river and bank, follow impressions of the Delta, the southern coast, and Moulmein; then (for it is a fluminous country, and the trip is mainly by water), the Salwin River, once the boundary of British territory, is visited, after which comes an excursion on the Yunzalin River, "beautiful, inscrutable, a mystery asleep"; and, finally, a march over the hills of the great watershed, where shelter is rare and food scarce, till these lead down to the Sittang, and so to the fields where lie hid the finest rubies in the world, to be had for the picking. It is a sufficiently gorgeous panorama of silk and sun, a picture-show of a happy land as seen from without; and the profuse and beautiful illustrations seem but a part of the verbal scenery furnished by the author, who has indeed an admirable knack of curt and clear description.

How charming and lifelike, for instance, is this riparian sketch:

"We stop at little villages by the way, to pick up passengers; and the village girls come down to the ship's edge, with trays of green papayas and red plums, bosom deep in the river; and they laugh as they sink yet deeper in the efforts to reach the passengers on board. Each of these, leaning forward over the rails, takes what he needs, and puts the price into a little cup in the middle of the tray."

Again, at Moulmein pagoda:

"Overhead the bells tinkle and palm-leaves rustle in the wind. The pagoda is built upon the summit of the hill, and the world that expands from it is of rare and great beauty. From where these people are seated at prayer, there is unfolded between each of the golden pillars and the carved leaves of the *tazoung* [chapel] a picture of wide plains, yellow with the ripening harvest; of green under the shelter of great trees, of winding rivers and straight highways, of mountains flung in fantastic forms on the level spaces. From the town below, a stream of worshippers flows up and down the steep, winding stairs: old men, who laugh at each other for getting blown; pretty women in silks of delicate hues; and flower-like children who climb, holding their sandals in their hands out of reverence for the sacred place."

But it is on the temple of Rangoon, the famous Shway Dagôn pagoda, that the author lavishes the most elaborate and loving description. He studies it historically, mathematically, first from one gateway, then from another, and one can scarcely follow him without sharing in his enthusiastic praise of this great rival of the Taj, which, placed upon an eminence itself 166 feet above the city, rises farther to a height of 368 feet above the hill; a bell-shaped structure terminating in a spire of gold crowned with jewelled vane and *hti*, the latter being a canopy of gold and iron hung with hundreds of gold and silver bells, which, large as they are, cannot be seen from the pagoda base, "but their music can be heard in the night watches, when the wind blows amongst their silver and golden tongues." This pagoda has no interior. It is a monument only; but the platform at the base has a perimeter of nearly 1,400 feet, and this is the place of worship.

Though native art is still in its infancy, it is already being killed by Western competition. So, too, the life of these merry, polite, good-natured souls is changing to meet the stress of the West. A certain value beyond the surface-work, which might easily be dismissed as merely artistic, is thus lent to Mr. O'Connor's volumes. He has lived with the people for years; he knows their hearts as he knows and pictures their life in town and country. But what he writes of the people will soon be of historical value. Conditions change rapidly when once the British Rāj and the Manchester shop take the place of the native priest and the hand loom. But whatever may be the outcome of the contact of races, this book, even without the future historical value which we think it will possess, is a delight to the eye and a pleasure to the mind—we wish we could add anything but a discomfort to the hand. For a volume of little over 400 pages a weight of three and a half pounds seems preposterous. Recent American books contrast unhappily in this one regard with books of English make, the delightful lightness of which, scarcely two pounds to a book of 400 pages, silently condemns the heavy load which the American publisher forces his customer to hold. There is a good map appended to the first volume, but the names therein are not all spelled as they are in the text.

A History of the Civil War in the United States, 1861-5. By W. Birkbeck Wood, M.A., and Major Edmonds, R.E. Putnams. 1905.

The reviewers of this book are apparently expected to surrender at sight, for it is armed with a piece of very superior heavy ordnance in the shape of an introduction, in large type, by Mr. Spenser Wilkinson. In this introduction Mr. Wilkinson tells us that "the technical aspect of the war has been sufficiently explored by a great number of professional writers of several nationalities. The writers of this volume, therefore, have had the benefit of abundant preparatory labors. They may be trusted for the accuracy and completeness of their story." It may be ventured, notwithstanding Mr. Wilkinson's large print, that each and all of these statements are absolutely incorrect.

In the first place, it is a most curious fact that an event of such proportions as our civil war has resulted in so little good literature; the quantity is enormous, the quality is bad. On our side we have produced a few volumes of memoirs, a fragment of a military history by Ropes, and two or three other books that are of serious value. Abroad, the Comte de Paris, one or two Germans and an Englishman, the late Colonel Henderson, have given us notable works; but, even among these, Henderson's 'Stonewall Jackson' stands preëminent as a technical study, and only Ropes can be compared with it for value, though his judgments are often prejudiced and crotchety. It is certainly very far from being the case that we are well equipped with technical histories of the war; we have at most three or four good ones, and they cover only a small proportion of the campaigns.

Then, again, we are informed, *ex cathedra,* that the authors have had the benefit of abundant preparatory technical labors. If this means that, finding a vast literature of the war in existence, they have availed themselves of the best of it, the statement cannot be accepted. Making every allowance for the brilliant work of Henderson and Ropes, there is an even more valuable source of information, and that is the Official Records. The authors state, indeed, that they have utilized the Records, but their work shows little sign of it. It is obvious, as one turns over page after page, that the book has been nearly entirely compiled from Henderson, Ropes, the Scribners series and the 'Battles and Leaders' series. In short, sufficient work has not been put into the book to warrant any such claim as Mr. Wilkinson makes for it.

And, lastly, it is not the case that the

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authors may be trusted for "accuracy and completeness." The insufficiency of their knowledge, both of the Official Records and of things American in general, crops out constantly. Space forbids an extended statement of their shortcomings, but enough may be gathered from the following examples to show the character of their work.

In dealing with Chancellorsville, we are told that Stoneman's raid proved quite ineffective—which is true—and that it "had no influence at all upon the fortunes of the campaign"; but Henderson declares that "Stoneman's absence had proved the ruin of the Federal army." If Johnston failed as he did at Seven Pines, it was entirely owing to his faulty orders and insufficient staff arrangements, yet these are described as "admirable." Our authors believe that the hostility between this Confederate general and Jefferson Davis originated at Bull Run; it was really antecedent to the war. Again, when criticising Johnston's position at Dalton, no mention is made of the fact that it was held not with a view to defensive but to offensive operations. With McClellan the authors are even more unfortunate. We are told that "the failure of McClellan's campaign [in the Peninsula] is largely to be attributed to the action of his Government in withholding from him for the second time his First Corps." If there is any campaign in all history of which the result may be put down purely and simply to superior generalship, it is the campaign of the Peninsula. McClellan always outnumbered Lee by at least 3 to 2, and if he was beaten, the essential reason was not that his numbers were insufficient, but that he had neither the courage nor the genius of his opponent. As to the proposed removal of Thomas from command before Nashville, the halting and inaccurate statement put forward on the authority of Cox could very easily have been rectified by consulting the Official Records and Grant's 'Memoirs.' The latter, by the by, does not even figure among the authorities. On larger questions the quality of the book remains about the same. Thus, we find the North and South conveniently labelled Plutocracy and Aristocracy; and the task of the North is compared with that of Napoleon on entering Russia in 1812. The comparison is too obviously false to need extended criticism. Napoleon had no intention of conquering Russia, and he had to deal with an alien race and an exotic civilization. The North had the absolutely different problem of reëstablishing preëxisting conditions in the conquered country. It must be added that the maps are inaccurate.

The above criticism would have been less severe had less been claimed for this book. With more modest pretensions, some commendable features might have been pointed out. The authors are scrupulously fair; they have succeeded in compressing the history of the civil war into one moderate-sized volume; they have kept a good proportion in their narrative. But they very certainly have not, as Mr. Spenser Wilkinson would have us believe, produced an authoritative military pronouncement on the subject.

The Evolution of Man: A Popular Scientific Study. By Ernst Haeckel. Translated from the fifth German edition by Joseph McCabe. Two volumes, illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

Few serious works on popular science have been more widely read than Haeckel's 'Anthropogenie' and the various translations of it which have from time to time appeared. Haeckel's popular expositions of the theory of evolution were written with the avowed purpose of introducing the general public to a philosophy of nature, and have had a wide influence in stimulating interest in natural history. Unfortunately, he obtrusively adopted the style of the special pleader and propagandist, often giving offence where a more tactful treatment would better have served his purpose. Professional zoölogists, too, while recognizing the great importance of Haeckel's contributions to science, cannot recommend to their pupils without reserve an embryological authority who has only contempt for the brilliant achievements of His in human embryology and of the younger generation of experimental embryologists, and whose dogmatism on disputed points is often very repellent.

The two volumes are sumptuously got up, both text and illustrations contrasting very favorably with the earlier translations of Haeckel's works which have appeared in America. Of the rendering we cannot give so unqualified commendation, since numerous misprints and mistranslations show evidence of both carelessness and unfamiliarity with the technical vocabularity of the subject. We find, for instance, *Amphioxus* referred to as a mammal, the word "ventral" for neutral, the hypophysis defined as "a urinary appendage in our vertebrate ancestors"; and two plates showing the comparative forms of the pinna of the ear are designated "ear-muscles," a mistranslation of the German *Ohrmuscheln.* These defects, however, are not very numerous, and do not often seriously impair the value of a translation which is on the whole excellent. Though the centre of biological interest has in recent years shifted somewhat away from Haeckel's point of view, this revision of his most widely known work will long serve a useful purpose, both among general readers and among zoölogists, as a convenient summary of a vast wealth of fact and theory regarding the exact lines of animal descent.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Avebury, Lord. Notes on the Life History of British Flowering Plants. Macmillan Co. $5.
Bright, Norman K. The Dream Child, and Other Verses. The Grafton Press.
Champault, Philippe. Phéniciens et Grecs en Italie. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
D'Avenel, G. Le Mécanisme de la Vie moderne. Paris: Armand Colin.
Fogazzaro, Antonio. Il Santo. Lemcke & Buechner.
Greene, Robert. Plays and Poems. Editod by J. Churton Collins. 2 vols. Henry Frowde.
Hume, John F. The Abolitionists. Putnams. $1.25 net.
Ireland, William W. The Life of Sir Henry Vane. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. 12s. 6d. net.
Jataka, The. Translated by H. T. Francis. Vol. V. Macmillan Co. 12s. 6d.
Lord, Mary E. Christobel's Secret. Grafton Press.

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This remarkable book which, while THE authority, is interesting and at times even humorous, is steadily growing in popularity. THE NATION says it is "invaluable—nay, indispensable"; while THE LONDON TIMES says it is "in the same class as Mr. Bryce's 'American Commonwealth.'"

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